



No. 320.—VOL. XXV

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
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MRS. KEELEY, THE OLDEST ENGLISH ACTRESS, IS DEAD.

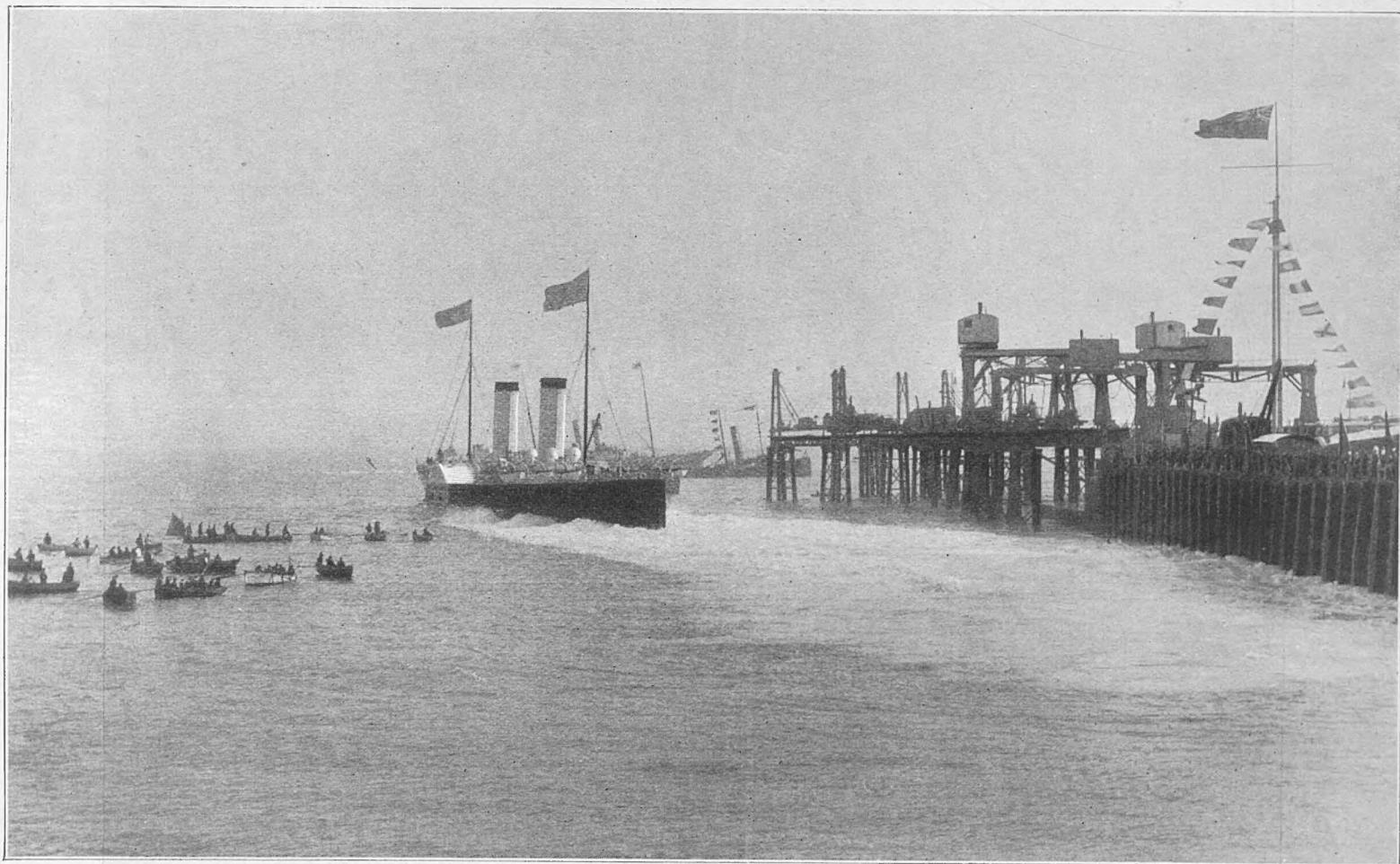
She was born in 1806, and died on Sunday at the age of ninety-three. This picture was taken by Mr. Caswall Smith, of Oxford Street.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH ACTRESS IS DEAD.

Mary Anne Goward, Mrs. Robert Keeley, died on Sunday morning at her residence, 10, Pelham Crescent, South Kensington, a victim to influenza. Though her career as an actress belonged to yesteryear, that lively, clever, vigorous, and kind-hearted lady had remained, despite her great age, entirely in evidence in matters theatrical and social. Born at Ipswich in 1806, she made her professional débüt as Miss Goward in the operetta of that name. Tributes to her talents from men of weight have never been wanting, and the late J. R. Planché, commenting on her appearance in Weber's "Oberon," in his interesting "Recollections," remarks: "A young lady who subsequently became one of the most popular actresses in my recollection was certainly included in the cast; she had not a line to speak, but she had a sweet though not powerful voice, and was even then an artist to be entrusted with anything. To her was assigned the exquisite Mermaid's Song in the finale." In June 1829 she married Mr. Robert Keeley, the actor, and in 1832 she was playing in a round of parts at Covent Garden. In 1834 she was at the Adelphi, with Buckstone as leading low comedian; in 1835, at the English Opera House, and won high praise from the critic of the *Athenæum*. Then at the Olympic with Madame Vestris

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK."

Perhaps the historian will raise his hands as well as his voice when he is told that Louis XIV. was not Louis XIV. during the greater part of his reign, but really Philippe, his brother, passing himself off as Louis—"Le Roi Soleil." However, the historian has no jurisdiction in the playhouse, and we have to consider rather the state of mind of those who, like the hero of "The Man in the Iron Mask," the new Adelphi melodrama, have been taught nothing of French history—during three years at the Charterhouse I did not have a single lesson in French history. The story told by the new piece, which everyone thinks was written by Mr. Norman Forbes, though he refused to disclose the secret of the authorship, makes quite an effective, vivid play of incident. Anne of Austria, we are told, had twin sons, Louis and Philippe; Philippe, for state reasons, was immured in a monastery, where he met and fell in love with Louise de la Vallière. She was also loved by his brother, the King *de facto*—for Philippe was really the elder—and he sends emissaries to get rid of Philippe. Fortunately, the King *de jure* has a guardian in the person of our old friend Aramis. The play has been suggested by "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," who has become M. d'Herblay (Bishop of Vannes). Philippe escapes and comes to Paris in search of Louise. His remarkable resemblance to the King enables



THE QUEEN, ON BOARD THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES," LEAVING FOLKESTONE FOR FAIR FRANCE ON SATURDAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. SAVAGE, FOLKESTONE.

and Charles Mathews; back to the Adelphi for a long period; then to the "New Strand," and then we find the young actress at Drury Lane, assisting in the inaugural performances of the Macready management in the early part of 1842. In 1844 Mrs. Keeley and her husband entered upon the management of the Lyceum Theatre, and here she shone in burlesques by Dance and Planché, and illustrated Dickens with a consummate art which won her golden opinions from both public and critics. She was particularly successful in Albert Smith's adaptation of "The Battle of Life."

Mrs. Keeley retired from the Lyceum in 1847, and accepted an engagement at the Haymarket under Webster. In 1849 the Charles Keans were at this theatre, and Mrs. Keeley played with them, and appeared with them also at those entertainments at Royal Windsor, then very frequent, her Majesty being in those days a constant patron of the drama. From 1850 to 1855 Mrs. Keeley was a member of the Adelphi company, in '57 she was at Drury Lane, and in '59 again at the Lyceum in burlesque. Since that date, though Mrs. Keeley had practically retired from the stage, she was much in evidence at special benefits and performances. In 1867 I saw her, with a wonderful cast, play Pert in "London Assurance," at the Haymarket, and in 1878 she appeared at Drury Lane to support a benefit to Mrs. Alfred Mellon. For an appreciation of Mrs. Keeley's art I would refer my readers to a first-rate authority, that of George Henry Lewes, who in his "On Actors and the Art of Acting" awards her high praise.

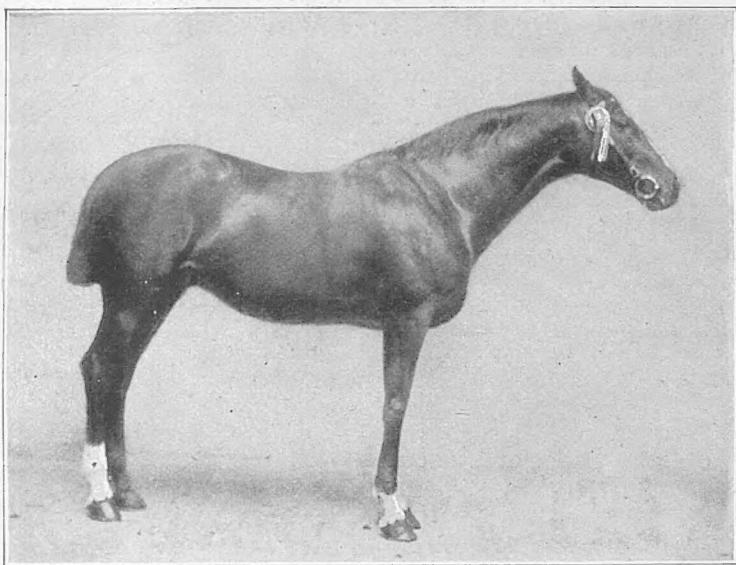
him to enter the palace, but he is arrested and sent to the Bastille, where, in order that his identity may not be discovered, he is compelled to wear the iron mask. La Vallière is induced to think that Louis the King was really the Philippe whom she loved. Seven years elapsed; the King had grown tired of La Vallière; even their child formed no bond of union; Philippe was languishing, iron-masked, in the Bastille, and M. d'Herblay had been banished from the Court. D'Herblay was permitted to return, and conceived a bold scheme for the rescue of Philippe. He persuaded the King to visit his brother, chloroformed him, and put the mask on him. Philippe was not altogether exultant in his release, since he doubted the love of Louise. He put her to the test by bringing her to the cell of the man in the iron mask. The situation was simplified by the fact that one of Louis' followers stabbed him, mistaking him for Philippe, who consequently took Louise and the throne, and acted, I am afraid, very badly afterwards. If Philippe acted very ill, Mr. Norman Forbes in the double part acted very well, differentiating them with great ingenuity. Able work was done by Mr. W. H. Vernon as d'Herblay, and Miss Rorke as Louise; while Miss Geneviève Ward played brilliantly as Anne of Austria. It is really an effective and interesting melodrama, and the best of the recent Dumas epidemic. The author was called for at the close of the first night's performance on Saturday, but Mr. Norman Forbes came forward to say that the author wished to remain anonymous. Mr. Forbes himself, who is said to be responsible for the play, helped to dramatise "The Scarlet Letter" seven years ago.



THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE: SCENES AT FOLKESTONE.

1. THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES," WITH HER MAJESTY ON BOARD, WAITING AT FOLKESTONE PIER. 2. THE QUEEN LEAVING THE TRAIN (FROM WINDSOR).
3. THE GUARD OF HONOUR. 4. LOYAL SUBJECTS ON THE LIGHTHOUSE PROMENADE.

THE PICK OF OUR HUNTERS.



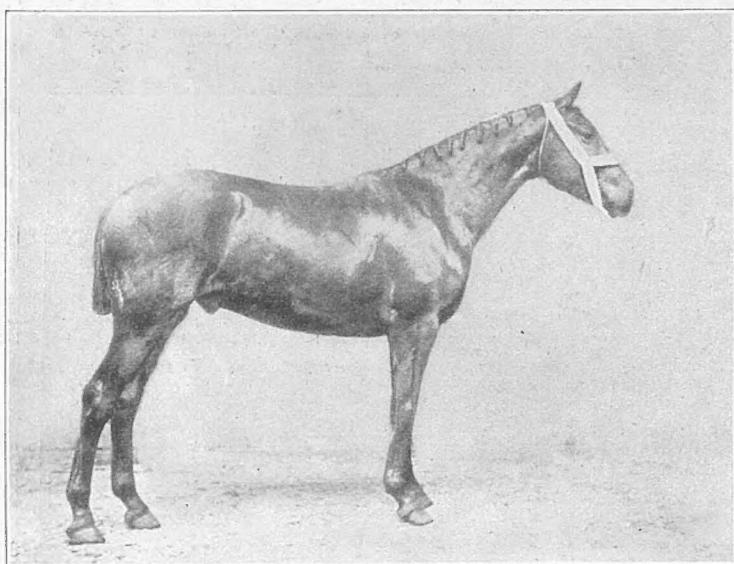
MR. A. O. HASLEWOOD'S THOROUGHBRED STALLION, FOUR POSTER.
Winner of Queen's Premium (£150).



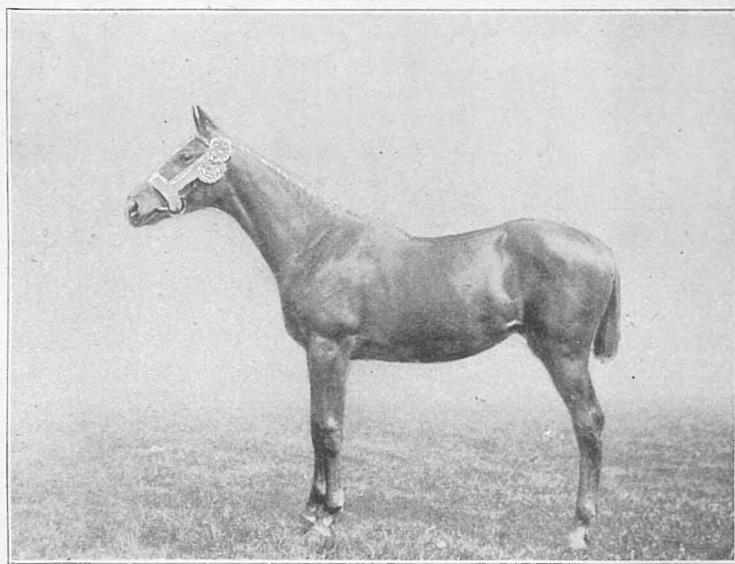
MR. A. O. HASLEWOOD'S THOROUGHBRED STALLION, IMPRÉVU.
Winner of Queen's Premium (£150).

The Shires and the Hackneys came first at Islington, for, somehow or other, the Hunters do not interest the sightseers to the same extent. The Hunter lacks the imposing weight of the Shire and the stylishness of the haughty Hackney, and necessarily appeals to a smaller audience.

divided into fifteen classes. Mr. E. Barlow and the Rev. Cecil Legard acted as judges in the classes for animals between one and three years of age, while the Earl of Orkney and Mr. Reginald Hardy took the other classes in the catalogue. Some Continental Governments



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appreciate at its full value the Thoroughbred Show, and their representatives do not fail to keep a keen look-out for likely sires. The Austrian Government was a purchaser at last week's Show.



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LEFT IN THE TRAIN.

Have you cultivated the habit of casting a final look, on leaving a railway-carriage, at those racks which, like *The Sketch*, are provided for "light articles" only? Perhaps you have inwardly sneered at the



THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

careful man who has drilled himself into that habit; but the day will come when that sneer will be revenged. For you will take up to town one morning a small parcel, or a camera, or a stuffed bird in a glass case, or a bundle of golf-clubs, or something else, and you will get so excited in talking politics with Smith or Brown that your belongings on the rack will be absolutely blotted from memory. And then, as you reach your office, half-an-hour later, there will come a feeling of blank somewhere, and when you realise that the cause of that feeling was left in the rack for "light articles" only, your language will be of the kind which the printers considerably represent by blanks. The careful man is avenged; the sneer has come home to roost.

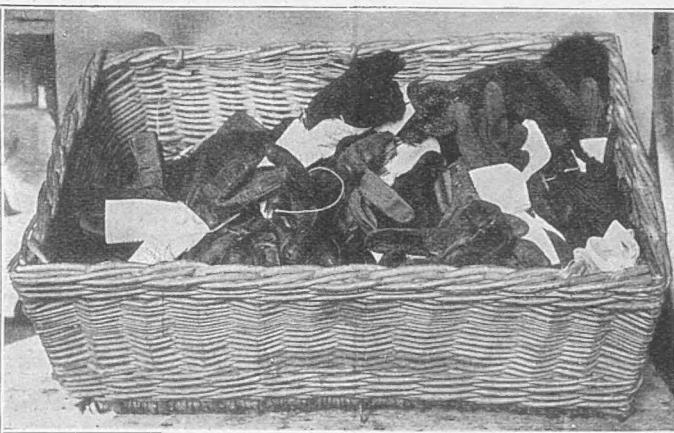
But let us see what follows. Railway companies know human nature, and the efficient manner in which the South-Western of that ilk does its best to counteract the forgetfulness of its passengers may be taken as a type of the good work carried on by all. Every train that reaches Waterloo is treated as if it were a criminal hauled into a police-station; that is, it is thoroughly searched, and its valuables removed to a place of safe custody. Through that door, bearing the legend, "Lost Property Office," they go, there to be labelled with full particulars as to the train in which they were found, and afterwards entered up in the ponderous register. This is the clearing-house for everything found in trains at any station on the South-Western system. The rule is that the head office must be advised at once of any article discovered without an owner, and that all articles shall be forwarded thither twelve hours after they have been found. This means that, if lost property is not recovered within a week, the chances are that some unscrupulous passenger has failed to recognise the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Yet not always. Luggage has been restored to its owners after much longer intervals, having

in the meantime made a journey perhaps to America and back. It is a Cave of Hope, that Lost Property Office—of hope not often disappointed. Why, they will hoard up for months an odd glove of a tenpenny worsted pair, or save you a sixpenny Bible with as much care as a bag of diamonds. Even newspapers are kept in anticipation of their owners turning up. Someone, the other day, left a copy of *The Sketch* behind him, and the authorities are so thoroughly convinced that the value of that article will dawn upon its owner that they hold it in readiness against his appearance.

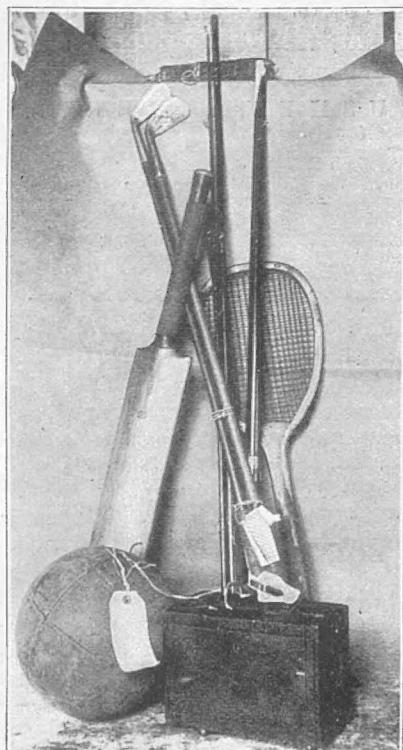
Everything gets left in the train at some time or other. Last year's record of forgotten articles ran up to the figure of 29,434, and that is a total which gives room for a good deal of variety. Of course, the umbrella heads the list, which shows that all these generations have not sufficed to create an umbrella instinct in man. Opera-glasses and watches, medicine-bottles and boots, tobacco-pouches and bicycles, dogs and cats, all figure in the heterogeneous list. The cats find a home in the station, the dogs are kept at the stables for a time, and then forwarded to their natural home. But these are only a few of the enormous number of articles left in trains—some of the most curious description—which are never inquired for.

For three months the shelves grow fuller and fuller, and then there comes a clearance to the stores at Nine Elms. Here a further nine months' grace is allowed, after which follows the annual sale. With the South-Western authorities, the fixed dates for that sale are the first three days in May, but only articles found prior to the preceding Sept. 30 are put up to auction. It is hardly the company's fault that there is any sale at all, for they spare no pains to get each man his own, and that at a minimum

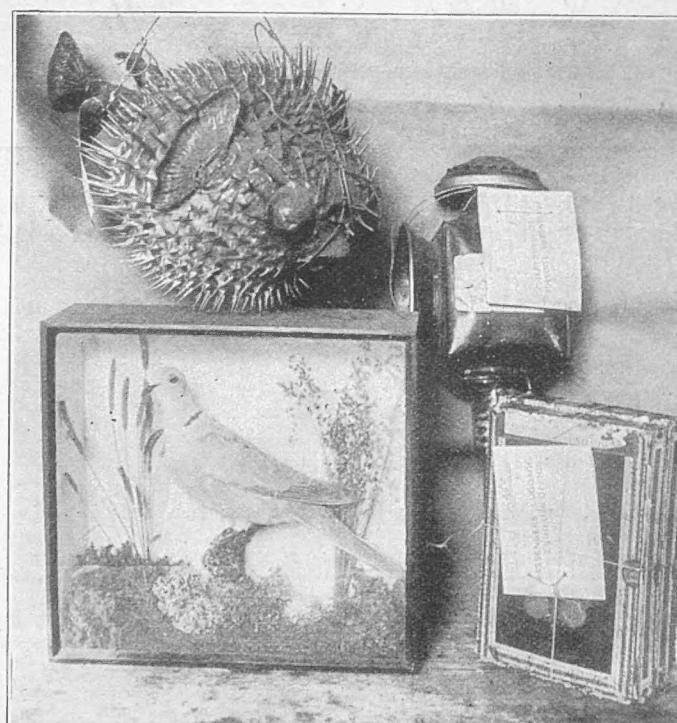
cost. For small articles a trifling fee of twopence is charged, for others the maximum asked is but sixpence. The photographs illustrating this article were taken by Mr. H. C. Shelley.



HOSIERY.



CAMERA AND SPORT



MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

For the sake of his father, as well as for his own sake, Mr. Trevelyan's election to Parliament has given lively satisfaction to Liberals. Although the author of "The Early History of Charles James Fox" has been more successful as a writer than as a politician, he did a great deal of useful work in his early days in the House of Commons as a pioneer of reform. His son inherits not only his literary tastes, but also his political enthusiasm, and promises to be a better platform-speaker even than Sir George. It is interesting to note that at Cambridge the grand-nephew of Macaulay came out with honours in history. His political experience dates from 1892, he being then only twenty-two, when he took part in election meetings in his native county of Northumberland. Subsequently, he went with Lord Crewe to Ireland, as a private secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and, travelling all over the country, became a strong Home Ruler. He won his spurs at the last election by a gallant though unsuccessful contest with Mr. Stanley in Lambeth. His father when in the House cast wistful glances at the study and the garden which he loved so well; but I hear that Sir George is immensely pleased with the young man's entrance on a Parliamentary career.

In the House of Commons Mr. Trevelyan finds the sons of several of his father's colleagues. On the front Opposition bench sits "Mr. Gladstone." It is no longer necessary, alas, to call him by his Christian name. There is now only one Mr. Gladstone in Parliament. On the other side are Mr. George Joachim Goschen junior, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The former has a distinguished look, but is content meantime to act as a private secretary to his father, without seeking to make a name for himself, while young Mr. Chamberlain has already proved his coolness and readiness in debate, and has produced an agreeable impression by his almost filial loyalty to the head of his Department. On the Unionist side are also the sons of several of Sir George Trevelyan's opponents. Here are the Cecils, who inherit so much of their father's causticity, and here silently sits Sir Stafford Northcote, whose father was as true an English gentleman as ever entered Parliament.

Last week I referred to the rareness of the name "Tanqueray." A Guernsey correspondent points out to me that it is an old Sark name—

It appears in a list of names of the first inhabitants of Sark, who came with the Seigneur of St. Ouen, Jersey, to colonise the wild island given by Queen Elizabeth to Helier de Carteret, said Seigneur of St. Ouen. In a list of names taken from a Register in the year 1875, one finds "Tanqueray" changed into "Tanquerel."

Last summer, my correspondent, Miss E. Gallienne-Robin, published a story the hero of which was called "Jacques Tanqueray." The book is entitled "At the Leap of San Juan"—a Sark story.

M. Paul Cambon, the newly appointed French Minister at the Court of St. James's, enjoyed a very pleasant reputation in Constantinople. He went there with high credentials, and managed not only to serve the interests of the Quai d'Orsay, but also to endear himself to many hundreds who knew little or nothing of politics. I happened to be in Constantinople during his term of office, and was told by the head of one of the best-known and most respected commercial houses in Turkey that M. Cambon had a great deal to do with the curtailment of the massacres that followed the disastrous attack upon the Ottoman Bank. When the Græco-Turkish War broke out, plans were being made for another Stamboul massacre; this time the Greeks were to be the sufferers. Whether the plans had the knowledge, sanction, or approval of the Council at Yıldız, I do not know; but, in any case, the energetic measures of M. Cambon thwarted them. He arranged with the Messageries Maritimes Company to take the Greeks by hundreds back to the Piræus at nominal fares. I saw the *Orénoque* go off with its freight of screaming Greek patriots, who shouted their National Anthem directly the huge ship moved from the quay-side, while every man among them flung his fez into the Bosphorus, and a huge Turkish rabble, hardly restrained by the soldiery, yelled back its hatred and defiance from the shore. I shall not readily forget the sight.

A highly respectable gentleman, formerly proprietor of two notorious supper-clubs, and now driven by force of circumstances to become "something in the City," has been telling me (writes a correspondent) that the recent activity of the police threatens to make the London

night more dull than ever. He says that clubs against which no grave charges could be made, or, at least, substantiated, have been ruthlessly suppressed, that the innocent have been confounded with the guilty and the reputable with the noisy. I fear there will be little sympathy forthcoming for the proprietors, who have thriven so well in the past. If some of the bills for suppers and refreshments could be published, many of our leading hotels would confess that, after all, they are amateurs in the art of charging. A friend of mine lunched at Paillard's, in Paris, one afternoon, and at a London supper-club, recently suppressed, on the following evening. The club was rather more than seven shillings in advance of the most expensive house in Paris, and in each case the head-waiter suggested the menu. The fall of the supper-house referred to throws out of employment a waiter who must have earned a competency out of the profits of adding up his patrons' bills at a time when they had followed the advice of Omar Khayyám too closely to be able to add them up for themselves. If Sir Michael Hicks-Beach wants to make up his deficiency without extra taxation, he might sell a concession for reputable supper-clubs in London. Even under police supervision, *concessionnaires* would be prepared to pay high prices.



THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, THE NEW M.P. FOR THE AYLESBURY DIVISION OF BUCKS.
Photographed by special permission in his Museum at Tring by Mr. J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

The Great Central Railway to London was opened on Thursday by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, and passenger traffic begins to-day. At twenty minutes past two Mr. Ritchie pulled a lever at the Marylebone Terminus, and the first train started to the North. This map shows you exactly what ground the new railway covers.

The east winds that Kingsley loved and Chaucer hated are driving people South with a vengeance just now, and Monte Carlo has never been so gay, so crowded, so altogether irresistible as at this moment. The terraces are filled with gaily frock'd folk every morning, who treat each other to new developments in fashion until noon, when everybody hurries in to the dear green tables until luncheon-time. Then what a scene of feasting follows! The Paris, the Grand, the Hermitage, the Métropole, Ciro's, and the Galerie Charles III.

all crammed to their last seat with gay crowds. And what a blessed change to leave behind the overcoats in which men shiver by the Thames for flannels and ducks under terrace awnings! A line of strollers constantly promenade up and down between the tables, exchanging greeting with their friends, or warily on the look-out for vacant seats. Signor Tosti and his wife are sunning themselves by the blue Mediterranean, and the wonderful hats and costumes of La Belle Otero are a fruitful source of wonder to the women.

The Grand Duke Michael, Lord De la Warr, and Mrs. Bingham are among dinner-givers who frequently patronise "cheery little Ciro's," while one meets practically everybody who is anybody on Thursdays in front of the Casino, that being Classical Concert Day, and oh! so tempting, don't you know, even to the "unco guid," who otherwise taboo the neighbourhood, but on Thursdays turn up from the Cap, Cannes,

Menton, Nice, Beauville, and the rest, "just to hear the lovely music." The opening of the new gaming-room has been a fruitful source of discussion, naturally. To begin with, it remains open until 4 a.m.; to go on with, women are not admitted; drinks are served at a very smart buffet, and smoking is, of course, the rule. It is the sanctum of the chronic gambler, of course, and many a man will be broken here, and the world very little the wiser. But that is beside the question.

The house on Herne Hill where Mr. Ruskin spent his early years is to be sold at Tokenhouse Yard on Monday. Ruskin was taken to Herne Hill in 1823, when he was four years old. Now a thickly populated suburb of London, it was then only a rustic eminence. In "Præterita," which, by-the-by, was written in the identical house, he thus describes the place: "Our home was the northernmost of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill." It commanded in those comparatively smokeless days—thirty



SHALL RUSKIN'S HOUSE AT HERNE HILL FALL TO THE JERRY-BUILDER?

eminence. In "Præterita," which, by-the-by, was written in the identical house, he thus describes the place: "Our home was the northernmost of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill." It commanded in those comparatively smokeless days—thirty

years before the Palace was built—a very notable view from the garret-windows: the Norwood Hills on the one side and the winter sunrise over them, and the Valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance and Harrow conspicuous always in fine weather, to open vision against the summer sunset. It would be well if something could be done to preserve the house.

The following, from Mr. Henry Norman's letter in the *New York Times*, gives one a glimpse into Mr. William Archer's projects on his visit to America, which land the most distinguished of our dramatic critics must by this time have reached—

William Archer has been commissioned by William Waldorf Astor to visit America and write a series of articles for the *Pall Mall Magazine* upon the American stage. Mr. Archer, as doubtless your readers know, is London's most accomplished and independent dramatic critic. For years controversies have raged around his cool Scotch head in consequence of the vigour and originality of his opinions. He has done more than any other one man to introduce Ibsen to the English-speaking world, having begun by editing and partly translating Ibsen's entire works. He is the principal advocate of a theatre endowed by the municipality. His weekly articles on the theatre appear in the *World*, a London weekly, and these have been reprinted in yearly volumes called the *Theatrical World*. He informs me that the subject maps itself provisionally in his mind into four sections: first, the European drama in America; second, the American drama in America; third, the centralisation and decentralisation; and fourth, side shows. He writes me: "Of course, I need not say I should not have undertaken this at all unless I had felt a strong initial interest in and sympathy with American dramatic art. From Edwin Booth to 'The Belle of New York,' I have seen practically everything that America has sent us for twenty years past. I was one of the warmest admirers of Mr. Booth, being then a beginner in criticism, and I can remember nothing of any note in the interim that has found me unsympathetic." He sails on the *Lucania* Feb. 25, and expects to spend two months in America. Possibly, if invited, he would deliver one or two lectures.

Mr. W. Percy French, whose success last week at the Steinway Hall has resulted in his capture until the end of the season by "At Home" giving dames, has long been known in the sister isle as "our practical joker," "practical" inasmuch as he has drawn an income for many years from his humorous lectures on Irish life. His versatility makes him a most original entertainer, for, not only is he genuinely funny in his remarks and songs, but he is also an accomplished painter of the impressionist school, and he combines these gifts in a clever manner in his now famous sketch, "A Brush with the Natives." Mr. French has had a varied career, starting as a civil engineer, and, after trying editorship, settling down to the illustrated lectures which he has made peculiarly his own.

To celebrate the inauguration of the Irish Club, over seven hundred members and guests assembled at the Cockburn Hotel, in Covent Garden, the other evening. Excellent music, pretty faces, smart frocks, and no lack of native wit, contributed to the success of a much-enjoyed gathering, and it is to be hoped that the spirit of unity, not always prominently evident in affairs Hibernian, will here attend and distinguish the meetings of the Irish Club. There is every reason for its being, and, given the clannish spirit which prospers the affairs of its sister institution, the Scots Club, it should—and I trust will—flourish exceedingly.

His Majesty of Portugal is a first-rate pigeon-shot, and so keen on this particular form of sport that the Lisbon Club bids fair to become the most noted centre on the Continent. Last week's meeting had a particular interest, because of a magnificent seventeenth-century enamelled silver dish which was being competed for. The King made a heavy score, and amongst other noted shots present were Marquis de Faval, Comte de Bois d'Aische, and Comte d'Arnos. The coveted prize was, however, borne off by Señor Alfredo O'Neill, and when the result was declared, considerable amusement was caused by some wag who called out, "By the powers! But its Ireland for ever!" Señor Alberto O'Neill is, like his brother, also a first-rate pigeon-shot. Following the match, a smart luncheon was given by the club, at which the Marquise de Ayerve and Madame de Villa-Real y de Mello were present, the latter bringing two pretty daughters. At the next meeting a prize given by the King will fall to the biggest score.

Mr. E. J. Lonnegan, who has not been seen very much lately in the West-End theatres, is starting a tour, playing Mr. Charles Hawtrey's original part of Herbert Jocelyn in Mr. Burnand's adaptation from the French, "Saucy Sally," formerly produced at the Comedy Theatre, where it had a good run. The company is directed by Mr. Lawrence Brough; the circumstances of whose withdrawal from the Moore and Burgess Minstrels will be familiar to all.



MR. PERCY FRENCH.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

It is not generally known that there exists in France a lodge of women Freemasons. This curious fact, with all that it implies of masculine complacence and of feminine audacity, is to be explained by the religious situation in France. The Roman Catholic Church forbids its members to be Freemasons, therefore the Freemasons are all revolters from the Church. But do not for this jump to the conclusion that the French Masons, being Freethinkers, have freely invited the women into the Order. Such a fact would have made a great noise in the world. The truth is simpler; it is that the same impulse that has gathered the men into lodges has driven the women into lodges also: the reaction from an extreme to another extreme. The women Masons also are revolters from the Church.

The origin of the movement dates fifty years back. At that time, certain Masons, who were also Feminists, proposed to admit women into the lodges, and were overruled by a small majority. In 1882, a lodge near Paris, called the "Freethinkers," initiated the first woman, Madame Maria Deraismes, at that time leader of the Feminist movement in France. The high authorities dissolved the offending lodge. Some time passed, and a certain Dr. Henry Martin again made a proposition to admit women. Being refused on all sides, the idea came to Dr. Martin that, by founding a new "obedience," it would be possible to organise an exclusively woman's lodge. Which, in 1894, was done. Seventeen women were solemnly initiated by Maria Deraismes. Madame Deraismes remained at the head of the Order till her death, when her place as Venerable was taken, and is occupied to-day, by Madame Henry Martin. The Paris woman's lodge is called "Le Droit Humain" (Human Right). These seventeen women have now become two hundred, which is to say that the idea makes headway; and they have created other lodges at Lyons, Rouen, Zürich, which adds about sixty more to the number. The meetings are conducted in all things like those of the men, and there are no Masonic secrets not known to the women.



THE OLDEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD.

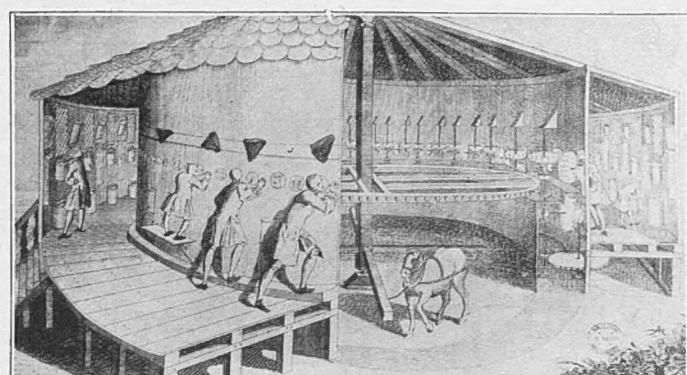
be inclined to doubt the matter, for even the paint or tint with which the figures are decorated has a very modern look. The inscription on the pedestal reads: "Portrait figure of Ka-Tep, an Egyptian official of high rank, and his wife, Hetepet-Hers (IV. Dynasty, about 3750 B.C.), from Sakkara."

"Burke's Peerage" for the present year of grace gives, as the most important item in its addenda, the pedigree of Lord Kitchener. A perusal of this interesting family-tree leaves me with the impression that the pedigree of the Kitchener family which was, in part, published in *The Sketch* some months ago was substantially correct, and should certainly dispose of the constantly recurring assertion that the Sirdar is an Irishman; that is, unless to be born in Ireland without a drop of Irish blood in one's veins constitutes an Irishman. Lord Kitchener's motto is given as "Thorough," a very excellent and descriptive word for the work he has achieved in Egypt. No Arms are at present registered, but I am told that the Kitchener family are taking steps to register, at the Heralds' College, those which appear in the blazonry in Clothworkers' Hall, and which were reproduced in *The Sketch* at the same time as the pedigree.

The large and somewhat dingy mansion in Canon Row, Westminster (so called "for that same belonged to the Dean and Canons of St. Stephen's Chapel"), where countless candidates for the Civil Service have either succeeded or failed, is about to disappear from the scene. The house was built in 1816 for the Transport Office, and in late years was the office of the Board of Control for Indian Affairs, eventually, a good many years since, becoming the home of the Civil Service Commission. The Commissioners are removing to new quarters; the house will be razed to the ground, and on its site, close to New Scotland Yard, will be erected a Police Station, presumably for the "A" Division, now housed in King Street. Let us hope that the officers who will make

their headquarters there will be as swift and sure in their detection of crime as were their predecessors, the Commissioners, in the discovery of those mental shortcomings which shipwrecked the hopes of many an aspirant to official fame.

What a luxury it would be to shave oneself without the trouble of doing the shaving! Such an ideal must have seemed within realisation



SHAVING BY MACHINERY.

to our ancestors of a century and a-half ago. Among the specious prospectuses lying on their breakfast-table one day they found a document containing "proposals" to fit up a piece of machinery which would shave sixty men in an hour, and comb and powder their wigs into the bargain. Each subscriber to this wholesale shaving-machine was to pay a guinea a-year, in exchange for which he was to receive a copper ticket, which would secure him as many shaves in a twelvemonth as the most ardent lover of a "clean face" could desire. Then there was to be a new engine set up for every five hundred subscribers, the locality of which was to be decided by the first two hundred to give in their names. To inspire confidence in the scheme, there was published the accompanying plate—sold at the price you pay for your *Sketch*. The process was to be very simple. You merely placed your face against one of the circular plates in the side of the wall, and the razors which whirled rapidly past the narrow openings were warranted to finish off their work in sixty seconds.

To James Whitcomb Riley is attributed an epigrammatic saying which, like most of the genre, cannot be taken without qualification. According to him, "A poet is the Alexander Selkirk of literature, for he must lead a life alone, set apart from the stimulating companionship of men of his own calling." To the late Robert Browning, for instance, this *obiter dictum* would certainly not have applied.

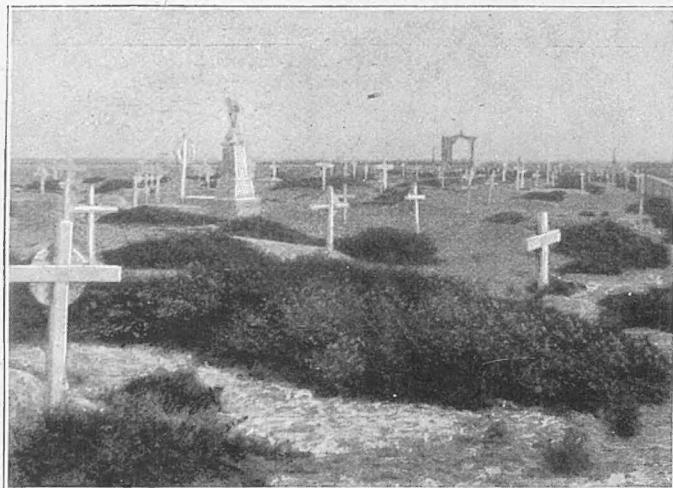
Life is taken very quietly by the mild Bengali. He is not worried by buses and motor-cars, but prefers to do his travelling by means of the *byle ghari*, or the country boat. The villagers exist (they can hardly be said to live) in their grass huts, which are run up in a way that would make the most accomplished of jerry-builders stare. In the north-eastern part of the province, close to the Bhutan terai, the climate is notoriously unhealthy, and malarial diseases of every kind are rife. The average Bengali villager is just about the most unpleasant person to have anything to do with that can be imagined. He is talkative, quarrelsome, and as impudent as he dares to be. He will come with a long tale of the ravages a leopard is committing among his flocks, and then, when the "sahib-log" have shot the offender, he will refuse to give the slightest help towards getting the trophy into camp. If by any chance he can



IN EASTERN BENGAL THE VILLAGE SMITHY DOES NOT STAND UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT-TREE.

get in the way of a No. 8 shot, he will most certainly do so, and then woe betide the unlucky sportsman who has peppered a Bengali in mistake for a snipe. Lucky he is if he escape a lawsuit in which the most exaggerated accounts of the injury he has inadvertently done will be produced.

Here is a tribute of Egypt's debt to England. It is a picture of Suakin Cemetery, where the graves (with the exception of those of a few civilians) are all of British soldiers and sailors who died during the actions which took place at and near Suakin between 1885 and 1890. The ground on which the cemetery is laid out, and for about a mile



THE CEMETERY AT SUAKIN, WHERE MANY A YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER LIES.

inland, is composed of sand, decomposed coral, and shells, showing that at some remote period it was under the sea. One of the most interesting graves in the place is that (marked by a cross) where lie those gallant Guards who lost their lives during the campaign at Suakin in 1885. This cross is built of red granite, and stands about six feet high.

The bitter cry of the children has once more re-echoed throughout the land, and at length aroused Parliamentary action. The whole system of setting young children to premature toil is declared to be fundamentally wrong. It is almost needless to say that the philanthropic nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury, first moved the country in this direction, with the result that the law was wisely altered so as to protect the women and children in factories, and prevent them being treated as brute beasts. At the same time, the influence of the *Illustrated London News* was brought to bear upon the question by the then editor, the late Dr. Charles Mackay. The high moral tone of his writings and the touching verses he wrote, entitled "The Souls of the Children," and published in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, Jan. 29, 1853, excited greater interest in the question, and largely assisted in the legislative measures passed at the time of or soon after their appearance. The poem was reprinted as a leaflet, and distributed gratuitously in hundreds of thousands at Mr. Ingram's expense, and thus it came about that "The Cry of the Children" has, since then, neither wholly slumbered nor slept. Once again it is seen that the factory or workshop tends to crush life out of young children, while it stunts the growth of those who survive the ordeal. The question has been ably thrashed out in the columns of a morning contemporary, the *Daily News*, but it is well to call to mind the touching verses by Dr. Mackay, since it is an admitted fact that "no nation can prosper by hindering the physical and mental development of the young."

The latter half of the hunting season brings the usual swelling list of resigning Masters of Hounds. Of seventeen retiring Masters only two have certain successors at present, namely, Mr. James Foster, who is succeeded in the Albrighton country by Mr. J. C. Munro, who leaves East Sussex for the purpose, and Mr. A. B. Wrangham, for six seasons Master of the Croome, who is succeeded by the Hon. H. Coventry, son of the founder of the Hunt. The reasons assigned for resignation are, in the majority of cases, as ever, failure of health, failure of covert-owners to preserve foxes, and failure of farmers to remove wire. The only novelty in reasons comes from Somersetshire, where the Hon. E. W. B. Portman gives up the Taunton Vale Hounds because his supporters don't behave as they ought to Mr. R. M. Dodington, the gentleman huntsman. As he made no secret of his reason, there can be no objection to repeating it here; but, from all accounts, the fault does not lie entirely on one side. Hunting-men put up philosophically with a good deal of "slanguage" in the field from those having authority, but they say that there was overmuch of this sort of thing in the Taunton Vale country.

The good people (there are such) who moan over coursing as a sport in its decline should be slightly staggered by the results of the greyhound sale at the Barbican on the 6th inst. Thirty-five dogs, comprising the kennel of that "pillar of the leash," Mr. James Russel, went for a total of 2190 guineas. The bitch Real Point brought 400 guineas, which, I believe, is the largest sum ever paid for a greyhound. Altogether one hundred and eleven dogs were sold for 4798 guineas, or an average of over £45 each. Not much "decline" indicated there, I think.

The Duke of the Abruzzi is persevering with his Polar plans. He has had a long consultation on the subject with Nansen, who tried to dissuade him by depicting the hardships in store. Finding these only

stimulated the Duke's zeal, Nansen offered to accompany him, but the Duke very naturally reflected that this would considerably discount his glory (if he found anything), so he somewhat curtly declined. The Duke intends to depend chiefly on sleighs, and is making arrangements for the purchase of one hundred and fifty dogs in Franz-Josef Land.

Our Judges effectually disprove the general contention that we have all become specialists. One Judge has recently, in effect, reviewed the claims of morality, though Mr. Justice Darling has (also in effect) protested, while on Wednesday Mr. Justice Wills played the dramatic critic when he was deciding on the case against Mr. Waller's non-appearance at Stratford ("at ye Bow") in "The Three Musketeers." The trial, which was exceedingly interesting in point of its statements of receipts, was very amusing—

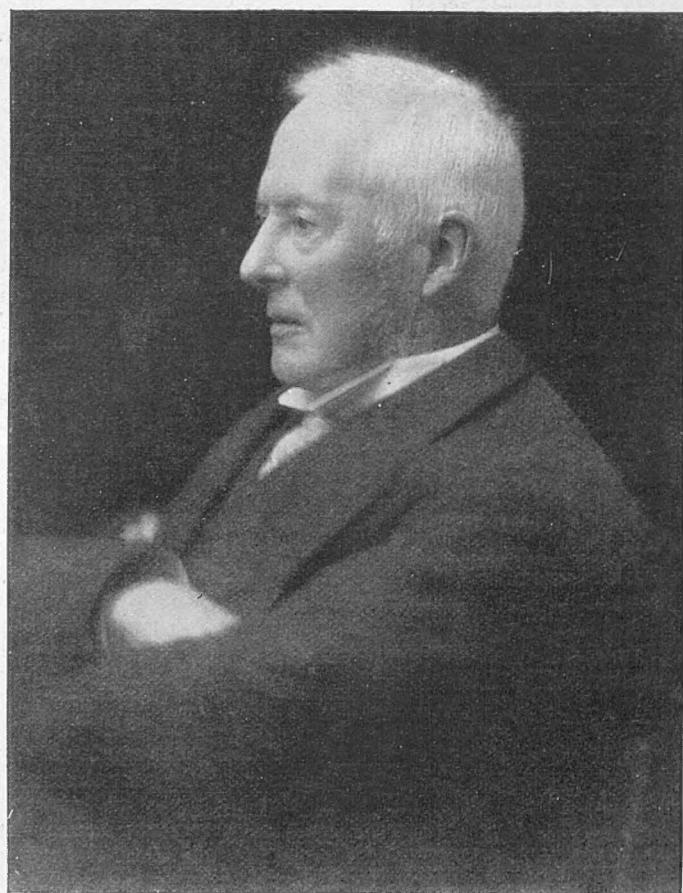
There once was a time, I am told, when a Judge
Confined his remarks to the law;
But now he appears on occasions to grudge
The making of bricks without straw.
He's anxious to clinch his decrees from the Bench
With views on our morals andmanners;
His scope is as wide as the Members who chide—
The pundit Silmos and Tanners.

A Judge, it is true, in a year that is gone—
To prove that a Rhadamanth nods—
Pretended he never had heard of the "Con"
Beloved by the Gaiety gods.
And another desired to be counsel-inspired
On the name and the fame of Miss Bilton,
Ere she flashed in Debrett with My Lord's coronet,
Which now she can wear with the gilt on.

But these were the Judges who lived in an age
When Law was the thing to lay down;
To-day they can tell you which plays on the stage
Should draw on the purse of the Town.
The name of a Wills admiration instils
As playwright, as pupil of Blackstone,
Though I fear Mr. Tree would decree that "The Three"
Had best be discussed in a Max tone.

What need of a Walkley or "W. A."?—
The Queen's Bench Division can rule
That Hamilton wrote the superior play,
That "Ours" is much better than "School."
And wherefore repine, if the Censor decline
To license the Tragic "Tyrannus,"
When he passes a piece that would crimson your niece,
Though we live in a tolerant annus?

For, now that the barristers practise the art
Of pleading by day, while at night
You'll find them assuming the dignified part
Of critics who actually write,
They probably feel that the Court of Appeal
May well be a critical rostrum,
In calling for cheers for "The Three Musketeers,"
Or any theatrical nostrum.



MR. JUSTICE WILLS, WHO DELIVERED HIS VIEWS ON "THE THREE MUSKETEERS" LAST WEEK.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Mr. Kensit need not be alarmed, Sir William Harcourt need not write another letter to the *Times*, for despite these somewhat ill-omened words, the undergraduates north of the Tweed have not yet been infected with the leaven of the Romeward movement. The Pope's Procession is not a strange ceremony from the Roman ritual, nor is the *auto-da-fé* the work of a Caledonian Torquemada. No; these are only the modes in which the youths of the Scottish Universities took part in religious controversy two centuries ago. They carried the Pope in effigy through the streets and burned him, with great satisfaction, no doubt. In the days of the Stuart dynasty an *auto-da-fé* which the Edinburgh students organised on Christmas Day, 1680, did get them into trouble, for it led to a free-fight in the streets, and the occurrence so shocked the authorities in their virtuous indignation that they thought they had discovered a conspiracy against Church and State.

The Pope's Procession of which the fullest record remains was one that took place at Aberdeen on Jan. 11, 1689. It was got up by the students of Marischal College in celebration of the election of a new Town Council, and, along with the account of the proceedings—now an exceedingly rare print—there is preserved a letter addressed to the magistrates, who are congratulated on being abhorers of all Popish superstitions and designs, and who are assured that the undergraduates have no rowdy purpose in "carrying his Holiness in procession throughout the city, where in end he will meet an evil doom." The effigy of the Pope, which was decked out in scarlet robes, started on its progress through the streets from the College gates, and on its way to the Town Cross pardons and indulgences were thrown broadcast among the bystanders. At the Cross a colloquy was supposed to take place between his Holiness, a Cardinal, and the devil. A High Court of Justice was then constituted, and Innocent XI.—he was then in the see of Peter—was indicted as an enemy to religion and government, and was sentenced by the Deemster of the Court to be burned, the interesting *dénouement* for which, of course, everyone had been waiting. At the same time, the spectators, it is recorded, were entertained with fireworks and "other diversions." Such were the amusements of the Romish controversy of those days. The only "diversions" nowadays are Mr. Kensit's brawlings.

Miss Ruth English is only twelve, but she has charmed the people of Kimberley at the Theatre Royal there by imitating Miss May Yohe in the song "Oh, Honey, My Honey."

Apropos of a recent article in these pages on the Caithness peerage claim, I have received a long letter from Mr. Roland Sinclair, of Auckland, New Zealand, who wrote a book

called "The St. Clairs of the Isles," last year. He objects to the claims to the Earldom of Caithness put forward on behalf of the Rev. John Sinclair, of Kinloch Rannoch, Perthshire. Mr. Sinclair maintains that neither this minister nor the present Earl of Caithness is head of the St. Clair lineage "until the exhaustion of the senior stock of the Lords St. Clair of Ravenscraig, of whom there must be many scions in Orkney, America, and the Colonies, tracing through the Orcadian branches of Warsetter, Saba, the Isle of Ethisay," and so on. Even the Roslin family is senior to the house of Caithness. Mr. Sinclair then declares that the marriage between David Sinclair of Broynach (the minister's ancestor) and Janet Ewing was performed by an "outed Episcopalian clergyman, and was afterwards pronounced irregular by the highest authorities in Scotland." He also says that the Earl (Alexander) of Caithness had a perfect right to leave his estates to Lord Woodhall. Finally, Mr. Sinclair says—

It is still an open question as to whether all the St. Clairs, Earls of Caithness, from the fortieth onwards, were not impostors, as the thirty-ninth Earl diverted (unrighteously, of course) the succession from his eldest son in favour of his third son (in the fifteenth century).

Dollis Hill mansion is best known to Londoners from its occupancy some years ago by Lord Aberdeen, and from its association, on account of his frequent visits during that time, with Mr. Gladstone. Situated five miles from Hyde Park, and commanding an extensive view from all sides, the grounds extend to about five hundred acres, and before long will be known as Gladstone Park. Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, a shrewd Scot who first made his mark in England as founder of the *Middlesbrough Gazette*, is the present occupant of Dollis Hill house, every room of which is redolent with the name and fame of the illustrious Liberal chief. There are the apartments he occupied during his last Session in

the House of Commons; the big chair in the smoke-room, a favourite seat after dinner; and the room is shown to the visitor in which the venerable statesman had his farewell interview with his old-time astute lieutenant, Mr. Chamberlain. On one occasion Lord Spencer and the late Henry Drummond were guests along with Mr. Gladstone at Dollis Hill, and the story is told how they turned out one forenoon to see a tree-planting operation, and discovered that the "G. O. M." had got up long before the others, and had dug a hole six feet in diameter and two feet deep, so that a few minutes sufficed to finish the work before the eyes of the astonished friends. Dollis Hill Park will certainly be a fitting memorial of the statesman who knew it well.

Mr. Chamberlain's interest in the Cape has more aspects than mere Imperialism. His beloved orchid flourishes there. Take the Disa, pictured here, which grows in an almost inaccessible portion of Table Mountain. Anybody who removes a bulb is fined heavily.

The other evening I dropped into the Small Queen's Hall to hear Mr. Albert Chevalier's recital, and found the Laureate of the Costermonger himself, as of yore. The characterisation is as fine as ever, the humour as broad, the pathos as tender. All the antics of the gentleman whom we associate with "donahs" and "the moké" are there, but they are touched to a finer issue. But why labour to establish what Mr. Chevalier has himself so abundantly proved, that he is a consummate artist? For some time he has gone further afield than Mile End or Camberwell. The ancient hind out of whom there was no taking a rise, we know of old, and would not put this effort beneath that of "Enery 'Awkins." The old actor, too, in "A Fallen Star," is a clever study, but just verges on caricature, and therefore has not the idealism of other sketches. In the French songs one learns how much there is in common between Mr. Chevalier and M. Paulus. One appreciates, too, the line that divides them. Always clever and never dull, Mr. Chevalier reserves his moment of supreme excellence for that amiable character, his ideal coster. "Ideal," I say advisedly, for Mr. Chevalier's coster is not of this world.

This picture illustrates the recent boundary question between Chili and Argentina. It shows an auction which was held of the materials left over on completion of the lighthouse which is now just finished, having been erected by the Chilean Government to light the entrance of the Magellan Straits, and also to serve as a telegraph-station.



BOUNDARY BETWEEN CHILI AND ARGENTINA.

Carolus Duran, the portrait-painter, inspired, it is said, by the pecuniary triumph of his former visit to America, is contemplating another voyage across the Atlantic. That also appears to be the intention of Mr. W. S. Penley, who is yet to gratify Londoners with his new theatre on the site of the unhappy Novelty. Talking of playhouses, I am sorry that the adverse issue of his action against the Royal Aquarium Company has compelled Mr. Oswald Brand to close the Imperial Theatre, where he has been making such a "brave fight" for nearly a year past. The Parkhurst, Holloway, has also shut its doors, for rebuilding purposes presumably.



A WILD ORCHID AT THE CAPE.

Photo by Ellerbeck, Claremont.



MAY YOHE IMITATED BY A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD.

Photo by Middlebrook, Kimberley.

The Czar's Rescript came to my mind as I walked through Kensal Green Cemetery the other day and saw the spot where the ashes of poor Stepnjak lie. He was run over at a railway crossing at Chiswick three years ago, and was cremated at Woking. His Nihilist activities in this

country were confined to literary efforts, but Russia found him so troublesome a citizen about the year 1877 as urgently to desire his absence. It was, in fact, a choice between Siberia and England, and, not liking what he had seen of the Czar's rule, he came to England. Stepnjak was, in the beginning, simply one of the Tolstoi genus of agitators. Even while an officer in the Russian Army he made himself the equal of the peasants, and sought to improve their condition and awake their energies. These philanthropic efforts ended in his arrest, but he managed to make his escape. It was also he who organised the escape of Prince Krapotkin

STEPNIAK'S ASHES AT KENSAL GREEN.

from the Russian fortress in which he was immured. Stepnjak's real name was Serge Mikhaylovitch Kravchinsky.

Dunrobin Castle, the Scottish ancestral seat of the Duke of Sutherland, is alone among regal residences in this country in being visible, in certain atmospheric conditions, at a distance of between thirty and forty miles; and those who have witnessed, from the coast at Lossiemouth, the stately edifice, far across the waters, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, are not likely to forget the spectacle. According to tradition, Dunrobin was first reared by Robert, second Earl of Sutherland, in 1097; hence its name—the dun, or hill, of Robin. In old charters the name is spelled in various ways, and no data exists to determine its exact age. To the castle belongs the distinction, at all events, of being, in its western portion, one of the oldest inhabited houses, if not the oldest, in Britain. A portion of every year is spent by the ducal family at Dunrobin, where the Duke and Duchess are extremely popular both with their neighbours and their tenants. For a time the young Leveson-Gowers were regular attendants at the Board School of the burgh of Golspie, in which the Duchess of Sutherland takes a practical interest.

The castle contains many interesting apartments, chief, perhaps, being the Queen's rooms, specially built for her Majesty, who visited Dunrobin in 1872. In the dining-room there is Winterhalter's painting of the Queen, presented by her Majesty shortly after her visit, and close to it hangs the picture, "The Court of Old Dunrobin," a copy of one of the Duchess Elizabeth's paintings. The library contains a unique collection of Scottish historical books, Norse Sagas, German literature, and many old manuscripts. The famous "Orkney" portrait of Queen Mary has a place here, and there are numerous busts of several royal personages. There are half-length portraits of William Prince of Orange, of George Buchanan and Daniel Defoe, the latter of whom, when on a tour through Britain, received the hospitality of Dunrobin, and panned, it is said, a part of one of his stories in the castle. As the Duke of Sutherland is an old military man—having retired from the Life Guards as long ago as 1875—it is fitting that Dunrobin Castle should contain many relics from battlefields, and not the least interesting of these is the old flag of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

A lady correspondent wants to know what sort of a dog this is. He was picked up in India.

Stag-hunting, as we understand it at home, is very good sport indeed, with its occasional vicissitudes, but very certain compensations. The pursuit of flying venison in the neighbourhood of the Eternal City is, however, a glorified form of hunting of which we who do our killing in these cold Northern islands can have little conception. It is not alone the sportsman but

the artist in us also that gets his fill of pleasure in those delightful weekly meets of the Bracciano Staghounds which now draw such large and enthusiastic fields from Rome. Even the august and irreproachable Diana herself might well wind the horn in a lesser Paradise than that enchanted line of country where hounds throw off with each week a larger following.

The feudal castle of the Odescalchi reflects itself in the lake at its feet, backgrounded by the purple Sabine Hills, while along the roads garlanded oxen, drawing brightly coloured carts, show up against the glossy, luxuriant greenery of the South. It is veritably hunting in fairy-land. Among the never-failing faces that assemble every week are, naturally, Prince and Princess Odescalchi, with their daughters, good, thoroughgoing sportswomen both; the Marquis and Marchioness Carracciolo, Donna Lina Corsini, Mr. and Mrs. Needham, with their daughters; Prince di Palizi, with his sister, and many more. A touch of splendid colour is always supplied by the smart scarlet uniforms of the cavalry officers, while the gay dresses of those who drive from Rome to the meets give an added blot of vivid tone to a scene sparkling with life, sunshine, and variety. There is the ancient Fontana di Trevi in the neighbourhood, where all who wish to return to these scenes throw in, by old-world custom, and to propitiate the water-gods, a halfpenny, and it is quite certain that the familiar spirit of the fountain can never want for small change, seeing the number of bronze coins which daily find their way there.

In the Albani Villa, owned by Prince Torlonia, who obtained property and title by marrying the wealthy banker's only daughter, being himself a Borghese, is to be found the original of this representation of



ALEXANDER'S INTERVIEW WITH DIogenes (IN SCULPTURE).

Alexander's interview with Diogenes, who is recorded to have replied to the possibly civil-nothing sort of inquiry of the world's conqueror as to whether he could do anything for him, "You can oblige me by getting out of the sunshine." We see the cynic sage in his "home," consisting of an earthen jar, outside the walls of Corinth, on the top of which sits a philosophic cur as companion and janitor.

Receptions and dinner-parties follow each other quickly by the Tiber, many of the "big" hostesses having made it a fashion this year to dine a certain number of their friends at the Grand on succeeding evenings. Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Prince and Princess Brancaccio, M. Van Loo, the Belgian Minister, Mrs. Potter-Palmer, and the Countess Gianotti having all played the rôle of entertainer last week. The last tea-table talk of the Eternal City occupies itself with the engagement of young Count Chigi to Prince Marc Antonio Colonna's pretty daughter, in honour of which the Marchesa di Rudini's smart party was given.

The Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, officially known in the North as Lord Kingsburgh, and still remembered in the Lobby of the House of Commons as Lord Advocate Macdonald, is one of the busiest Judges on the Scottish Bench. By family ties and conviction, Lord Kingsburgh is one of the comparatively few influential individuals in Scotland who adhere to the Catholic Apostolic or Irvingite Church, and it is generally understood that in that religious community he is recognised as an "angel." John Hay Athole Macdonald—to give the Lord Justice-Clerk his full name—has been an enthusiastic Volunteer; electricity has long been one of his hobbies; and he has obtained many medals and diplomas for life-saving appliances, military works, and electrical inventions. It should not be forgotten that it was through Lord Kingsburgh's exertions with the Postmaster-General and the Government that post-cards were introduced into Great Britain. The Lord Justice-Clerk is an expert stenographer, and takes all the evidence of his civil cases himself.

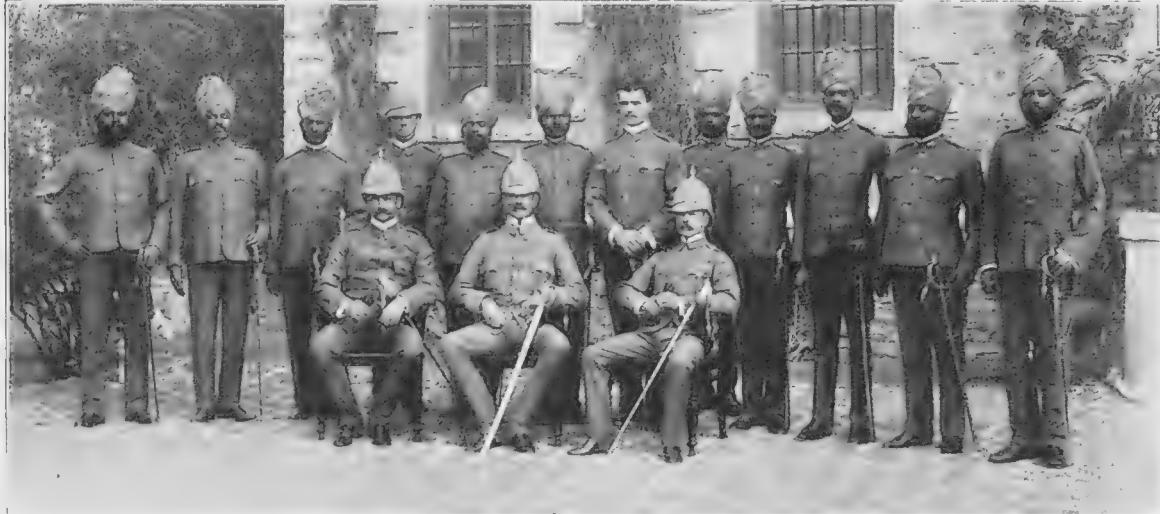


WHAT SORT OF A DOG IS THIS?

tudes, but very certain compensations. The pursuit of flying venison in the neighbourhood of the Eternal City is, however, a glorified form of hunting of which we who do our killing in these cold Northern islands can have little conception. It is not alone the sportsman but

After so many stories of murder and disaster in Uganda, it comes as a welcome relief to read of the heroic conduct of the 27th Baluchis, otherwise the 27th Bombay Native Infantry. To the uninitiated the 27th would mean the 27th, and nothing else; but in the Indian Army there are three 27ths, all famous regiments, the Madras, the Bengal, and the Bombay (or Baluchis). This is not the first time the 27th Baluchis have distinguished themselves, for they bear on their colours "Delhi," "Abyssinia," "Afghanistan, 1879-80," and "Burma, 1885-87." The story of the nine

of Sebastopol. In 1858-9 he was engaged in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny in the Jugdespore district, and with Sir Hope Grant's and the Gorakhpore Field Forces. He gained such a reputation that, when Lord Napier was appointed to command the expedition to Abyssinia, he was appointed Brigade-Major of Artillery with the force, and at the end of the campaign was "mentioned" and promoted. Since then he has seen no war-service, but has held numerous important Staff appointments, the latest being that of the command of the Belfast District. He is sixty-one years of age.



Major Montgomery. Lieut.-Col. Swann.

BRITISH AND NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BOMBAY GRENADIERS, WHICH IS ONE OF OUR OLDEST INDIAN REGIMENTS.

men of the rear-guard who got cut off from the main body, and, without officers, marched in next day "with eight wounded men and three boxes of ammunition," contains more than an element of romance. After the disaster to Lieutenant Hannington's force, the Baluchis, against enormous odds, fought their way back to Kitabu Fort, and held it all night against the enemy. Major Price, of the 27th, after the destruction of Lieutenant Hannington's party, hearing that the garrison of the fort at Kisalisi were in danger, marched from Masindi with a small party to Mruli—twenty-seven miles—and, after a short halt, marched another twenty-eight miles, by night, to Kisalisi, and, having reinforced the garrison, returned to Masindi. The British "Tommy" may well feel proud of such comrades as the gallant Baluchis.

Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, whose portrait I recently published, has not been permitted to take up his post as Governor of Omdurman, for on his arrival in Egypt a telegram reached him ordering his return to England—by a curious bit of irony or red-tapeism—to take up an important command in India. By-the-bye, Sir Archibald is in luck's way, for he has just been granted a Distinguished Service Reward. Though a Scot, his regimental service was entirely with an English regiment, the King's Own Royal Lancasters, known to "Tommy" as "The Lions," from one of their badges. With the Lancasters Sir Archibald served from 1874 till his appointment to the Egyptian Army, nearly fourteen years ago, since when he has been associated with Lord Kitchener in all the fighting with the Dervishes. He took part in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, was with the Frontier Field Force of 1885-6, being severely wounded at Ginniss, and in the operations on the Soudan Frontier in 1889, again wounded, at Toski. For his services in the Dongola Expedition of 1896 he was promoted Major-General, and received the "K.C.B." for Khartoum. Sir Archibald has been several times "mentioned," and is a "D.S.O."

Major-General H. le G. Geary, C.B., who, owing to the death of Sir Charles Nairne, has been selected to succeed General Sir Henry Brackenbury as President of the Ordnance Committee, joined the Royal Artillery in 1855, and was sent at once to the Crimea, being present at the siege and fall

It is not many autobiographers who can cover ten decades. Yet that is the lot of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle and great-uncle of the present (or eighth) Earl, who has just allowed the Macmillans to publish his diary under the title of "A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns." Herewith I record what he was doing in every decade, beginning with his birth in 1809, referring as nearly as possible to this season of the year—

June 14, 1809.—Born at Earl's Court.

Christmas, 1819.—Hunting with his father's beagles.

March 15, 1829.—Was serving as a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Tweed* at Mauritius.

Feb. 25, 1839.—Married Miss Kate Crosbie (who died 1859).

March 22, 1849.—While serving on the China Station he caught a shark.

March 15, 1859.—Attended a wedding at North Creake, of which his brother was Rector. Was defeated as Whig candidate for Portsmouth.

March 15, 1869.—Was serving in China; on this day he had a shooting expedition at Chin-kiang.

— 1879.—He retired from the Navy, in which he had served since 1822.

Jan. 6, 1889.—His son, Commander Colin Keppel, D.S.O., was married to Miss Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell, and in December his daughter Maria married Commander Tower Hamilton.

March 15, 1899.—Sir Henry spends his days in the Albany.

I have just received a copy of the *Blanco y Negro*, an illustrated weekly published in Madrid, which is entering its ninth year. It costs twenty cents, is about the size of *Punch*, and has a capital coloured frontispiece. I refer to it as some of my readers collect newspapers.

On the visit of a travelling circus to Port Elizabeth lately, four of the spectators (Mr. A. and Mr. Loo Schello, Mr. A. Cregoe, and Mr. H. Walters) entered a cage in which there were two lions. Like Daniel, they came out unscathed, for the trainer, Captain Taylor, went in with them.



IN THE DEN OF LIONS—AS SEEN RECENTLY AT PORT ELIZABETH.

Photo by Goldsborough; Port Elizabeth.

SOME REVIVALS IN LONDON.

"A LADY OF QUALITY," AT THE COMEDY.

Four plays were produced in London last week, but, of these, three were revivals. "A Lady of Quality" and "The Mayflower" were originally brought out in America, while "Woman and Wine" comes from Whitechapel. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's novel, "A Lady of Quality," has been so widely read, on its merits, that there is little to be said concerning the subject of the piece founded upon it by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Stephen Townesend. The fascinating Clorinda Wildairs is presented at the age of sixteen in black satin breeches, and from that time the play shows the chief events of her career till, after the death of Sir John Oxon, she becomes definitely engaged to the Duke of Osmonde. Chief reliance, no doubt, is placed upon the act in which Clorinda, fearful lest Sir John, relying on his old intrigue with her, should bar her marriage with the Duke, and maddened by the insults and sneers of the fellow, kills him with a loaded horse-whip, and then thinks that, dead, he will be as great an obstacle as when alive. She drags a huge sofa over the



MR. W. DENNIS, WHO HELPED MRS. BURNETT TO DRAMATISE "A LADY OF QUALITY."

body and thus hides it, and then receives her guest with feverish gaiety. In one respect, the book is abandoned, for Anne, sister Anne, does not die, and the Duke, ere marriage, overhears a confession, or a partial confession, of Clorinda to Anne of the homicide and its justifying circumstances. The production of the play has been awaited with great curiosity; it can hardly be said that the curiosity has been well repaid. The dramatists have not been very skilful in construction, nor, alas, wise in style, and in one respect have been woefully clumsy; for when the villain terrifies Clorinda by saying that a lock of her hair which she gave to him will be sufficient to prove that she was his mistress, one is disposed to mock. It may be that, at a time when there is a rage for adaptations, "A Lady of Quality," if judiciously and sharply cut, will prove to be palatable to many playgoers; certainly, most will find pleasure in its pictures of eighteenth-century life and costumes. The part of Clorinda is of such difficulty that one is not surprised to find that some aspects of it were not fully realised by Miss Eleanor Calhoun in her powerful and clever performance; some scenes, at least, she rendered admirably. A pretty piece of acting was given by Miss Marie Linden in the character of Anne. Miss May Palfrey acted agreeably, and work of some merit was done by Mr. Frank Hill, Mr. Penny, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, and Mr. Kendrick, whose Sir John Oxon was very good.

ITS ADAPTER.

Mr. Stephen Townesend, better known in the theatrical world as Mr. Will Dennis, was born in York in 1859, but does not come of a theatrical family. He is another link between the Church and the Stage, for his father was a London clergyman, and his grandfather a Canon of Durham Cathedral. He was educated for the medical profession, and took the highest degree in surgery to be obtained in this country; but an intense love of the dramatic art, which he had from childhood, proved stronger than all else, and he gradually drifted on to the stage, and during this period of transition founded and managed a dramatic club. His first professional appearance was made at the Crystal Palace in the late Miss Lytton's company, in "She Stoops to Conquer," in June 1882; but it was not until three years later that stage-work became his sole source of income, when, through Mr. Comyns Carr, he procured an engagement in Mrs. Bernard Beere's company to play in "Fédora" and "Masks and Faces." The following years were spent largely in the provinces, sometimes in small companies, and sometimes giving dramatic recitals, for which he even then had a répertoire of some fifty pieces. Then he had decided to "chuck the stage," and return to the medical profession—indeed, he had accepted a partnership—but he chanced to meet Mrs. Burnett at a dinner, and she induced him to return to his true love, and since that time he has done much good work, both on and for the stage. In 1891 he played in "The Showman's Daughter," and the following year, on the London production, undertook the part of Joe Hurst; then he went to America, and, on his return, went on tour as the Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and on coming back to town, in 1893, went to the Adelphi to play the Earl of Arlington in "The Black Domino." In the autumn of this year he was engaged by Mr. Comyns Carr for the part of the solicitor in his production of "Sowing the Wind," at the Comedy, and subsequently offered Mr. Brandon Thomas's part of Brabazon on tour; but, rather than leave town again, he accepted

the small part of David Garrick in "Dick Sheridan," produced at the Comedy in 1894. The next play was "Frou-Frou," and Mr. Dennis played the Baron de Cambri. For some time Mr. Dennis has been busy in the United States, looking after Mrs. Burnett's interests there and supervising the staging of her two plays, "The First Gentleman of Europe" and "A Lady of Quality."

"WOMAN AND WINE," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

The play of Mr. Ben Landeck and Mr. Arthur Shirley, once illustrated in these pages, is a sensational play, the chief feature in which is a duel with knives between two women, which has been presented for some time in the penny-in-the-slot mutoscopes, and is an ingenious piece of stage effect. The plot presents a complicated story of life in England and France, and introduces a number of people who are decidedly worse than they should be. However, there is a virtuous heroine, Mary Andrews, and the hero, Dick Seymour, if not quite spotless, is punished for his faults by being tried for his life in a French Court on the charge of killing the woman, Marcelle, who was beaten in the duel. One cannot pretend to give an exhaustive account of a piece by authors so generous in incident. "Woman and Wine" may not be a deep psychological study, nor even a masterpiece of melodrama; but it has merit of a kind, and catches the audience. The acting suits the style of the piece excellently, and, if there was little subtlety, there certainly was some skill and power in the work of Miss St. Lawrence and Miss Essex Dane, and of Mr. Julian Cross and Mr. Charles East; while Miss Mori's dancing may be praised.

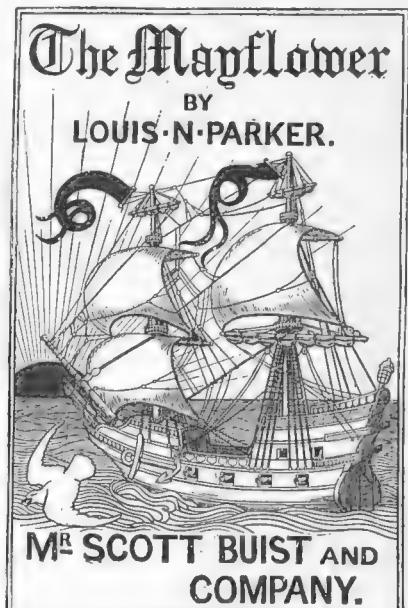
By the way, I may note that Mr. Robert Arthur, who is running the Princess's with Mr. Gilmer, has just made an interesting theatrical innovation by issuing a journal of his own. Mr. Arthur, who has been a great success as a manager, not only manages the Princess's, but he has built the Princess of Wales's Theatre at Kennington—the most beautiful theatre in London, with the possible exception of Daly's, although it has undoubtedly the best situation (beside the gardens) in town. Going Northwards, you meet him at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, the Theatre Royal at Newcastle, Her Majesty's at Dundee, and Her Majesty's at Aberdeen. Last month he issued an admirably printed little paper, which he has appropriately called the *Round Table; or, The Arthurian Legend* (though the Arthur circuit is very far from being a legend). It is well illustrated and brightly written, and is just the sort of thing that playgoers will like to read between the acts. The *Round Table* opens with a map of Great Britain, showing Mr. Arthur's circuit. It will be issued monthly, and is sure to be imitated.

OPERA IN KENNINGTON.

The National Grand Opera Company began a fortnight's engagement at Mr. Arthur's new house in Kennington last week. The company, which includes Mr. Hedmond, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Alec Marsh, Miss Ella Russell, and Miss Alice Esty, is very capable. Last week it produced "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "The Lily of Killarney," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Trovatore." That is a representative répertoire, and it was very well handled. This week they repeat some of their successes. Kennington is so handy that music-lovers will readily cross the river.

"THE MAYFLOWER."

Mr. Louis Parker cannot be said to have been particularly successful in "The Mayflower." The first act (introducing all the characters), which takes place in Holland, is excellent. The second, which shifts to Plymouth on the eve of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, is rather weak; while the third, which is placed in the New Country, is curiously unreal. I have already told the story of the play beneath the pictures which I reproduced last week. Suffice it here to say that Miss Lena Ashwell plays the part of the heroine, Joan Mallory, a trifle too monotonously and with an unnecessary touch of reproach, while Mr. Scott Buist lacks the devil-dare that one associates with a Cavalier. On the other hand, Miss Henrietta Watson is excellent. I can never make out why this very clever comédienne is so rarely seen in a West-End house. She always creates the most vivifying atmosphere round her, so that I am immediately put in a good humour when she steps on the stage. Mr. Bernard Gould played the part of Carew's friend, Captain Poynings, with a fine manliness. Mr. Mark Kinghorne made his Puritan as amusing as the similar part he played in "The Little Minister," while Mr. Ketteridge was funny as a comic Dutchman, though to me the part seemed out of the general picture. "The Mayflower" is well staged.



MR LOUIS PARKER'S NEW PLAY, "THE MAYFLOWER."

From a Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

JOAN MALLORY (MISS LENA ASHWELL), AND HER LOVER, LORD GERVASE CAREW (MR. SCOTT BUIST).

Lord Gervase Carew, son of the Marquis of Biddeford, who had driven Joan's father out of England, meets the girl in Holland, and, under the name of Henry Butler, wins her heart. The scene depicted here is where he meets her again in Plymouth on the eve of the sailing of the "Mayflower."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Coutts Michie has been elected to succeed Mr. James Cadenhead as Chairman of the Society of Scottish Artists. The fact that Mr. Michie is an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy rather seems to indicate that the object for which the Society was originated has been attained, and that the doors of the Academy are now wide enough to admit of artists of the most "revolting" type. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the interest of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy centres round the work of men whose attempts were originally greeted with Academic scorn, and this year particularly the works of Whistler, Lavery, Guthrie, Walton, Henry, Paterson, MacGeorge, MacGregor, Melville, Cadenhead, and a few others tend to make the exhibition one of the most successful of modern years. In his valedictory address, Mr. Cadenhead virtually owned that the Society of Scottish Artists had accomplished their work, but at the same time announced that they had several ambitious projects in hand, one of which was an exhibition of modern Scottish art in London.

The miniature portrait by Mr. A. Esmé Collings of the Princess Alexis Dolgorouki shows a very charming method of art in photography. The nearer photography approaches the pictorial idea, the better it is, and the pictorial idea is very closely reached here. Apart from the eternal question as to whether photography is or is not an art, here, at all events, an artistic result has been attained definitely. Reproduced also in this week's issue is the charming portrait of Mdlle. Juliette M., painted by Mr. G. M. Stevens, a work remarkable for its composure and its beauty of peacefulness.

Mr. John Lane has just published a handsome volume entitled "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley," with a prefatory note by Mr. H. C. Marillier. Mr. Marillier describes him as a young man, to those who knew him, of a thousand accomplishments and interests. What drove him out of these multitudinous interests "to seek art as his chief field is not quite clear." Why, turned artist, he should have developed such a grim, satirical humour is equally uncertain, "unless it were his affection for Juvenal grafted on the bitterness of one who knows that he



PORTRAIT OF MDLLE. JULIETTE M.
Painted by G. M. Stevens

is in the grip of death, that few and evil must be the days of his life." Mr. Marillier conceives that the artist faced his tragedy with a show of laughter, like Pierrot, of set purpose. That may be. But generalisations of this kind, *ex post facto* conclusions and deductions, are not very satisfactory. They make a pretty enough theory, but they do not persuade or inspire. To use the slang American phrase, Beardsley became an artist because he "just had to," and nothing will ever convince me that he could have made the same success "out of" any one of his different accomplishments.

The book itself contains a good deal of quite uninteresting work, a good deal that has before been seen in "The Yellow Book" and elsewhere, some things not hitherto published, and some of his very best achievements. The Chopin Ballade is extraordinarily good, and good in a way which completely disposes of Mr. Marillier's wonder that he



THE PRINCESS ALEXIS DOLGOROUKI.
Pictured by Mr. A. Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

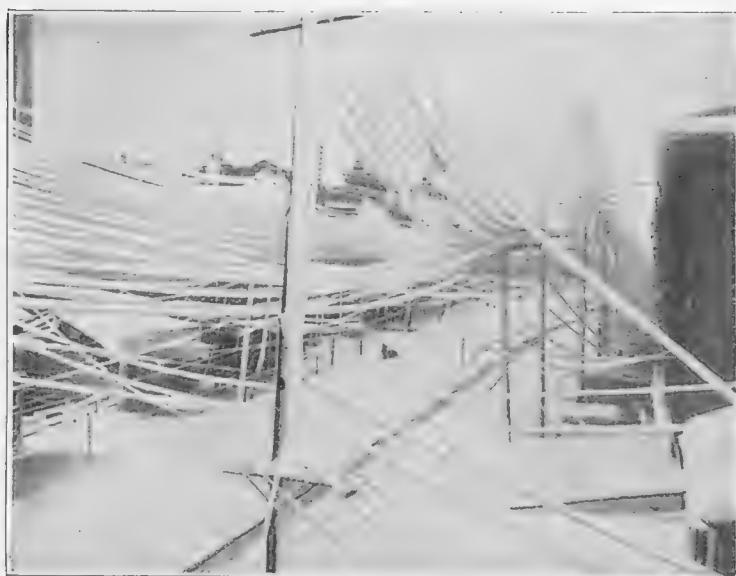
selected art, where he might have selected (say) music as the medium of his expression. For this picture shows that Beardsley simply imaged music pictorially; he even translated the printed page into a pictorial idea, and did it, be it owned, with marvellous cleverness. Still, when all is said, this book remains a record, a fine record, of an amazing genius of whom it is impossible to think without recurring to the old line, old but always new, "Sunt lacrimas rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

THE CANADIAN BLIZZARD.

Canada has been thrown into a state of chaos by the recent blizzards. Communication has been stopped on every side, railways impeded, the telegraph shattered, the telephone in a tangle, electric-tram companies at a standstill, and even sleighing impossible, owing to the impediments in the roadways. Steeplechasing might be pursued with impunity and at the risk of a few necks. Otherwise it is necessary to feel one's way cautiously on foot over prostrate telegraph-poles and through the icebound wires and branches of trees. The telegraph-poles, while the blizzard was at its height, would snap off one after another, with a few seconds' interval, all the way down the streets. The sound was like cannonading; sleep was impossible. As they fell they bore down branches of great trees.

The illustrations were taken at different points of Hamilton, which lies at the western extremity of Lake Ontario and nestles at the foot of a mountain. In winter it is sheltered; in summer, intensely hot. The winters about here are usually much less severe than farther east in Ottawa, the seat of Government, Montreal, and Quebec. Hamilton lies, too, in the midst of the peach-plantations which spread themselves for miles on to Niagara. It is feared the fruit will be seriously damaged by the severe cold of this winter, the thermometer reaching twenty-eight and thirty degrees below zero. The city of Hamilton, in point of situation, is exquisite, and the surrounding country beautiful and luxuriant. The streets are veritable avenues, the trees in many instances literally lapping overhead. Its neighbour, Toronto, calls it the "Ambitious City," and a pleasant little rivalry exists between the two places. It is flourishing in the manner of manufactures, and some have named it the Birmingham of Canada. It is interesting, historically, from the fact that several battles were fought near by between the English and Americans in 1812.—M. K.

THE CANADIAN BLIZZARD.



VIEW OF WIRES, KING STREET EAST, FROM MARY STREET.



MRS. CABILL'S GARDEN, KING STREET EAST.



AN AVENUE OF SNOW.



A WINTER GARDEN.



COLLAPSE OF A CABLE-POLE, HUGHSON STREET.



HUGHSON STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



HOW MISS LOUIE FREEAR PLAYED THE BOY BABE AT MANCHESTER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, MANCHESTER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

BY FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

Miss Lucia Sinnett to Robert Sinnett, Esq., Medical Student, Gower Street.

DEAR OLD CHAP,—No. If this is the queerest of the three, I don't think it the worst of the places I've so far "filled." You remember, I used to say I could never bear to have charge of an invalid, and then, immediately afterwards, father had his stroke. Poor dear—how good he was! Now I've got an invalid to take care of. My goodness! If I were as diligent in my charge as I was then, there would be no time for me to write the long letters I delight in.

What I most need is a small, cosy room to write them in. Everything here is on such a large scale. One seems to form a small inhabited oasis round one in any room one happens to be in. If only you could see me reading to Mrs. Hannibal in the drawing-room after tea! There's a great white rug before the fireplace, like a raft, on which Mrs. Hannibal and I set our chairs—hers a hooded armchair, draught-proof, as well as may be in these caverns; mine a small, armless cane-chair proper to one of my dependent condition. Between us, but still on the raft, stands a little round table, decorated with a silver branch candlestick and seven medicine-phials. All around a shadowy vastness.

My bedroom, from the window-seat of which I write, is as vast a room as any other. When I lie in bed in a vast four-poster—I wonder there aren't dusty ostrich-plumes at the head of each mahogany pillar—I daren't move an inch after I've warmed my small lair, for, oh! the iciness of the rest of that world of sheets!

Sometimes I have to move, nevertheless, for Mrs. Hannibal is an invalid of a class that needs attention in the night-time. As a matter of fact, I sleep with a silk cord attached to my wrist. This passes through the keyhole of the communication door between our respective bedrooms. I think Mrs. Hannibal must have read of this device; I have an idea that I have.

Fortunately, Mrs. Hannibal—horrible name; it is always in one's ears here!—sleeps as soundly as I do, and has only once availed herself of the means of disturbance. Her complaint, I should say, is of the nature of vapours or megrims—or whatever the old word was. She does nothing whatever, except that, on occasion, she takes medicines; but even this engrossing habit does not rise to the level of an occupation with her. It is impossible to think of her otherwise than as sitting in a chair. I believe she once drove out in a pony-chaise. She doesn't knit, she doesn't read, she does nothing. I measure out her medicine whenever she wishes for it. In the afternoon I read to her, in the evening play *Patience* to her; she is too dignified to finger the cards herself.

As to my social status, you remember how gloomily you used to talk about it, but it actually troubles no one—myself least of all. At other places you know how different it was; at the Pringles', I used to have all my meals in the children's room; at the Skinners', I slept among lumber, and was set down twice a-day by each of the family. But it is not so here. Mrs. Hannibal doesn't treat me with any disdain—perhaps because I minister to her maladies; the servants do whatever I ask them to; there are no visitors. I don't believe anyone has ever driven up the long avenue since it was planted in honour of George the Third's Jubilee. I have heard it said that Mr. Hannibal—Mrs. H.'s nephew—has a number of guests during the shooting season, and at the end of this month there is to be a Hunt breakfast. But, on such occasions, Mrs. Hannibal avoids the draughts by enshrining herself in her own suite of rooms.

I made a curious mistake about Mr. Eustace Hannibal. It possesses the elements of comedy, but it makes me stop dead whenever I think about it. I shall incorporate it in a novel one day—in one of those golden days when I shall have leisure to write, and you have passed the last of those endless examinations. However—

I don't know why I should have taken an "instinctive dislike" to young Mr. Hannibal. It is disagreeable to consider that one is capable of such irrationality. I came to Risings prepared to detest the whole aristocratic *ménage*, but I found it impossible to do anything but love the beautiful old place itself, and gratuitously foolish to dislike Mrs. Hannibal or the butler or the housekeeper. Therefore, when Mr. Hannibal lounged in to lunch one day, I showered my hatred on him. I figured myself to myself as the meek and harmless governess who is the prey of the insolent son of the house. Of course, I couldn't go on for long thinking thus of myself, but him I wrote down oaf, and read insolence into all his actions and words, which were few enough. I can't say that he has hitherto molested me with unwelcome attentions. I have heard said that he is engaged to someone in the neighbourhood. I found him to be of an astoundingly callous nature, for I happened (no, I won't tell you how) to overhear him say to the housekeeper, "Well, it's about time Aunt Laura died, isn't it, Mrs. Quigley?" Mrs. Quigley's reply I couldn't catch.

That same night I was awakened from the very sweetest of my first sleep by the fierce drawing of that silken cord I spoke of. I rose quickly and slipped on my dressing-gown. I never saw aught as ghostly as that room. It is part of Mrs. Hannibal's theory and practice that garments should—for hygienic reasons—have air all round them. Thus the whole of her vast wardrobe is hung on lines in one of the great bedrooms, for all the world like clothes put out to dry. The clothes

she has worn during the day and those she will wear on the morrow I suspend similarly every night in her own room. You may imagine what a "singular spectacle" the room "presents." If only you could have seen what I saw then. Near the bed burnt a night-light, and the shadows of the bed-curtains and the garments hung on their lines glided over the walls in a way that was more than ghostly.

To me, coming from my dark room, Mrs. Hannibal appeared brightly illuminated. She lay back on her pillow, fighting for breath, more emaciated than anyone I ever saw. The shadows of her wrinkles made her seem even more wrinkled than she was. As I entered—

"I am dying!" she gasped. "I know the symptoms. Go and fetch my nephew. I must bid farewell to him in private. Then call the servants. Go at once!" She gathered strength, it seemed. Her air became one of calm impassiveness. "Nothing can save me. I feel it; I have but a few minutes."

Oh, the endlessness of the long corridors I rushed through! When my candle blew out, I could do no more than feel my way. I told you before that there was no snug room in the house; but I should have excepted the one that Eustace Hannibal monopolises for a smoking-room. How I should like to have it for my own! I flung the door open, and I almost shouted—"Your aunt is dying! Come at once!"

He looked up with a frown. "Confound it!" he said; "why couldn't she choose some other time? I'm just at the only page worth reading. I'll come in a minute, tell her."

"You brute!" I said—one gets excited at such times. "I heard what you said to Mrs. Quigley—I believe you've poisoned her."

"My dear Miss Sinnett," he began with a smile. I cut him short.

"I shall call the servants at once to bear witness to—to—" I had grown incoherent, and I fled to call Mrs. Quigley and the servants.

When I again reached Mrs. Hannibal's room, she was talking to Mrs. Quigley, and dying fast.

"Quigley," she said, "get me my will. If Mr. Eustace is not here in three minutes, I shall cut him out of it."

"Really, Mrs. Hannibal, I shall do nothing of the sort," Mrs. Quigley said, with placid effrontery. "You will only repent of it."

I don't know what I did after that. I remember calling Mrs. Quigley an "abandoned woman," and writing some stately-sounding words to Mrs. Hannibal's dictation. By the time that she had arrived at an "item" that gave and bequeathed to me the sum of two thousand pounds, I had collected my thoughts enough to observe that there were several people in the room. Two of the servants witnessed the codicil that I had produced.

One of them afterwards grew mutinous.

"I call it disgraceful," she said—I thought her words were aimed at my legacy, and felt my flesh actually creep with mortification: Mrs. Hannibal was dying, with hideous gasps and convulsions of her whole body—"to call us out of our warm beds on a night like this."

"My God!" I said. "Are you all fiends, to behave like this to a dying woman?"

"My dear Miss Sinnett," said Eustace Hannibal behind me, "it's humiliating to have to confess it, but this is one of my aunt's regular functions. She dies like this at least ten or a dozen times a-year. I'm sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble."

"You'll catch your death of cold, Miss," Mrs. Quigley said tartly. Mrs. Hannibal gave a terrible, gasping cry, and writhed incredulously. Then I realised that I was standing the sole excited person, in a group that was certainly better-attired than myself. I must have looked a *fright*, with my hair flying loose. It is ten days ago, but I assure you I daren't look Mr. Hannibal in the face even yet. Mrs. H. has just sent for me to pour out her medicine. I will write a little more in a day or two.

Tuesday.

Mr. Hannibal has proposed to me! I know you knew as much from the beginning of the letter. I haven't refused him, but I explained matters to him. I said he was engaged to Miss Tottenham. He assured me that he was much more engaged to her engaging married sister, and that he would have married the one to flirt more conveniently with the other. I called him a person of no principles. He said I must reform him. I told him that all the world would say that I had angled for him. He agreed, quite calmly. I said that I was a nobody, and penniless. He declared himself to be not anybody, and that I, having cut him off with a shilling, was in duty bound to keep him on my savings. I sent him away to think it over. He returned in twenty minutes, and declared that he had been thinking hard. Nor could he for the life of him imagine how so hurried a toilette as I must have made on the occasion of his aunt's death could have been so abominably becoming.

I don't know what will come of it. He says he shall tell his aunt to-morrow. You know, it's very tempting, Bob. Oh!—I wish I could talk it over with you, you poor old Bob! I will write some more to-morrow. He made me promise not to wear that cord to-night, and snapped a bracelet on my wrist to take its place. He says it will keep me from catching cold.

Wednesday.

A dreadful thing has happened. Mrs. Hannibal is dead. That silk cord was dragged right up to the keyhole. She was lying just as if she were drawing at it when she died. Meet me at Charing Cross to-morrow.

HOW LORD LUCAN WAS MADE A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.

General George Bingham, fourth Earl of Lucan, late Colonel of the Life Guards, was made a Knight of St. Patrick on the 2nd inst., in place of the late Earl of Caledon. Although Lord Lucan cannot boast an ancient title—the barony dating only from 1776 and the earldom from 1795—he comes of a distinguished family, whose historic record begins in the reign of Elizabeth. His chief title to distinction, however, is vested in the fact that he is the son of his father, Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan, of Crimean fame, to whom he served as A.D.C. in the same campaign, winning there the decorations of the Legion of Honour and the Medjidie.

The English Garter, the Scotch Thistle, and the Irish St. Patrick are the three most distinguished Orders of Knighthood in the United Kingdom. That of St. Patrick was the latest instituted, its date of inception being the year 1783. Like the Order of the Thistle, it has always been reserved for noblemen, natives of the country, made worthy of such distinction by knightly actions, great deeds, or high moral qualities. It has also enrolled such members of the royal family as it has sought to honour. Previous to the Act of Disestablishment, the installations were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where, above the several stalls, are still suspended the helmets and banners of those who held the Order at that period. But the Church has been divorced by the State, and the ceremony to-day is purely lay, and is performed in the Castle, in St. Patrick's Hall. It is a noble chamber decorated in white and gold, against which the crimson Chair of State stands out in bold relief, overshadowed by the six royal standards. From the walls are suspended fourteen banners of the Knights created since the secularisation of the Order.

A blare of trumpets announced the opening of the mediæval drama, as the Countess Cadogan and a train of ladies, in black and white, came in and took their seats at each side of the Chapter Table, which was prosaically covered in blue cloth, and served with blotting-pads. Then the National Anthem heralded the procession of his Excellency, who was resplendent in the blue-de-ciel robes and jewelled insignia of the Grand Master of the Order, his flowing mantle held up by two small pages similarly caparisoned. The Viceregal Staff was in attendance, in glittering uniforms, and Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, who was an imposing and dignified figure in a massive gold-and-crimson tabard and

quaint Elizabethan ruff. At the command, "Ulster, summon the Knights!" he disappeared, almost instantly reappearing, like a quick-change artist, in a circling crimson cloak, heading the Knights Companions, thirteen in number, who, walking in order of seniority, took their seats on the left of the Chapter Table, where was one vacant seat soon to be filled by the hero of the function. The Knights were habited in their blue mantles and insignia, and, with the Staff of his Excellency, they made a magnificent tableau.

The roll was then called, her Majesty's warrant read, and, preceded by the official rod of the Gentleman Usher, Lord Charlemont, a time-old official of the Viceroyalty, the Earl of Lucan was presented to the Grand Master, who, taking a sword from an Aide-de-Camp, dubbed the gallant soldier "Knight." He immediately retired, to return in a few minutes, summoned by a fanfare and accompanied by the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The procession on this occasion was interesting and striking. The junior Knights, Lords Arran and Roberts, conducted the Earl between them to the Chair of State. His heraldic properties were severally borne by the different officers of the Order. Athlone, Pursuivant of Arms, led in the pageant, and the banner was held by the Marquis of Hamilton. He himself wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, his medals glistening on his scarlet tunic. After signing the statutory declaration, read by the Chancellor, he was robed by the senior Knights, Lords Listowel and Kenmare, to the accompaniment of the prescribed admonitions. When finally girded with the sword, and enveloped in the mantle, a fanfare greeted the unfurling of the new Knight's banner, and Ulster, in a resonant and clear voice, declared his titles, as already recited, with the addition of his new investiture. Ulster then concluded the ceremony by rehearsing the dignities of the Knights present, each Knight

rising to his name, and remaining standing while the list of his dignities was read. A trying ordeal. The most illustrious tale was that of the heroic Lord Roberts, who, though short of stature, was second to none in gallant bearing and dignity of mien. As the Victoria Cross ended the recital, and the brave soldier bowed himself back to his stall, a cheer rose from the general company, and the ladies clapped their hands and raised their fans aloft.



THE EARL OF LUCAN.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin



THE INVESTITURE OF LORD LUCAN AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



SIR ARTHUR VICARS, THE ULSTER KING-AT-ARMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MISS EVA GORE-BOOTH'S POEMS.*

Chaucer's memorable line, "Hold the bye wey and lat thy gost thee lede," which meets us upon the title-page of this volume, is evidently intended to strike the keynote of Miss Gore-Booth's verse. For her lyrical cry is a clear call to tramp on through weariness and monotony, commonplace comfort and trivial complaint, satisfied that there is a spirit within us which is Divine, and which will therefore free itself from the cords of flesh, if we but keep it pure, even though that release may be only the oblivion of a Nirvana. Not but that she can turn dreamily aside and dally with dainty art among—

Faultless features, flawless forms,
In shadowlands unsmit by storms.

Here, for example, are the concluding verses of the lines, "To a Picture by Maurice Greiffenhagen," on two lovers who refuse Life's call to arms—

Take these heavy golden shields,
Wake and gird yourselves to fight,
Leave the dreamy poppy-fields
And the dreary shades of night.
But he flung the shield aside,
Down the sword of Life she cast,
Drearily he clasped his bride,
Drearily they floated past—
Plucked the poppies, rich and red,
Bound them round the brows of Life;
"Come and rest with us," they said,
"Rest from all your barren strife."

But before hearing a passage from her poetry which Miss Gore-Booth might fairly claim to represent its most ambitious qualities, let us listen to an intermediate strain in which she links the love of nature to the higher life—

Sweet with the essence of unfolding flowers,
Fresh with the fragrance of the morning hours,
Bury thy face deep down in dreams of these
Sweet Peas!
Lift up thy heart to the Divine delight
Of their frail flight;
Be thy life stirred by subtle airs
Like theirs,
To the faint music of the coloured dream
They seem!

When a writer feels she has a mission, as Miss Gore-Booth evidently feels she has, there is a risk of her assuming a didactic attitude alien to modern ideas of poetic art. Miss Gore-Booth occasionally steers rather close to this rock of offence, but she is saved from it by adroit management of her craft. Here is an example, "To the People on Earth"—

Ye tortured mortals, cease your cries;
Ye are but fools who thus forget
That in the centre of your Bridge of Sighs
There is an oubliette!

Reading this at random, and forgetting that the essence of Miss Gore-Booth's philosophy is an unflinching endurance of the miseries of life, one would take this for a general invitation to suicide. On the contrary, it is a rough appeal to reason. "Indulge in melancholy to the full and you are bound to fall through the trap-door of despair." Again, in some vigorous verse addressed to "Certain Reformers," evidently of her own sex, Miss Gore-Booth points her moral with a fine freshness—

White-souled women of the past,
Heard ye not the trumpet blast?
Were your spirits less pure then,
Feebler than the souls of men?
Men who told you, you are good,
Holy, be it understood,
And yet neither strong nor wise—
May the spirit purge their eyes
And teach the foolish world at length
That purity is always strength.
Right divine to rule ye feel,
Strong in you the stronger born—
Then your right divine reveal,
Lest your claims be met with scorn;
For whilst the sky shines clear and blue
Above us, these two things are sure—
Who would be wise must first be true;
Who would be strong must first be pure.

Noticeable in her poems are the lilt of the metre, the felicity of many lines, and the skilful use of the refrain.

It is amusing to speculate on the exact meaning of some of the short poems. It would be interesting also to know whether her address to "Eels in the Mud of the Garden Pond" is written on Darwinian lines or owes its origin to her observations of the character of human counterparts. And then there is that author who—

... Wrote all day, he could not think,
His very blood was turned to ink;
He burned with endless patient toil
Whole gallons full of midnight oil—
A sort of Paper Chase sublime,
He ran with Time.

The portrait is evidently lifelike. Would we had known the original, but it is now too late. For—

He ran too fast, he lost his breath,
And fell an easy prey to Death.

In quite another vein are two songs, that of "The Fair Exile," and that of "The Exile's Return." There is a buoyant freshness about these, a *naïf* abandon that is especially charming after a study of Miss Gore-Booth's more sombre moods. The following is taken from the "Song of the Fair Exile"—

Yet sometimes for long hours I stand
And gaze and wonder at the sea;
And think of that fair distant land,
The only Paradise for me!
Among the vines and olives there
In sunshine all my spirits dance;
My God, the South is very fair!
Some day I shall go back to France



MISS EVA GORE-BOOTH.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

And this is the first verse of "The Exile's Return"—

You are old and I am young,
Fling high the golden ball;
Bells of joy for all are rung,
The sun shines on us all.
Rain fell heavily last night,
Ah, but now the world is bright!
Let us laugh and sing and dance,
For the sun shines fair in France,
And the rainy night is done;
Forward, Children of the Sun!

The readers of the above extracts will, I believe, acknowledge that their writer is entitled to rank as a poet. Indeed, for a first volume of verse, Miss Gore-Booth's poems show considerable fulfilment and as undoubted promise.

No doubt her work is unequal; her epigrams occasionally fail to hit the mark for want of sufficient elaboration, and her control of rhyme and metre now and then makes her careless, as, for example, when she rhymes "constraint" with "restraint," and mixes Alexandrines and decaesyllables with an effect that is irritating to a critical ear. Yet, if she has the Irish facility for verse, she also has the Irish felicity even when she "whips cream" for thirty-two consecutive stanzas on the subject of a May frost. But I would conjure Miss Gore-Booth to confine her poetical efforts to English and to abjure German verse—at any rate, until she has learned that "war" and "sah" do not rhyme in that language, and that "mit wild Geschrei" is not German at all.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

TOM ROBERTSON'S FAMOUS COMEDY, "OURS," AT THE GLOBE.

From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

"*Ours*" is the comedy dealing with the period 1853-4, when we were fighting in the Crimea. Blanche Hay (Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis), the heiress, is in love with her poor cousin, Angus MacAlister, of the Guards.



Her poor companion is the vivacious Mary Netley (Miss May Harrey). As domestic comedy demands readjustments of real life, Mary, who is poor, is wooed by the millionaire brewer (and low comedian).

TOM ROBERTSON'S FAMOUS COMEDY, "OURS," AT THE GLOBE.

From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.*These two pictures of Blanche show us what sort of gowns the maids of the 'fifties wore.**Blanche bids Angus (Mr. Frank Gillmore) good-bye when he leaves England for the Crimea.**Blanche meets Angus in the Crimea, whither she went with her Aunt and Mary.*

TOM ROBERTSON'S FAMOUS COMEDY, "OURS," AT THE GLOBE.

From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



Blanche and Mary, as they appeared in the Crimea, whither Blanche had gone to see her lover, Angus.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE QUEEN.



[Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.]

SIR HUGH OWEN, K.C.B., PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD—RETIRED.

His name is honourably associated with the growth of the Local Government Board, with the wide extension of the principle of local government, and the consolidation and administration of the Public Health Acts. He is the son of Sir Hugh Owen, Knight, who did great service to the cause of Welsh Education, and he has held the post of Permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board from 1882 until his present retirement, when the Freedom of the City of London has been conferred upon him.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE QUEEN.



[Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.]

RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D., KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS, BRITISH MUSEUM—RETIRED.

His name is honourably associated with the magnificent catalogue of the British Museum Library, and with many admirable works in prose and poetry. He is an accomplished scholar and critic, and has proved a great friend in many emergencies to students in every rank of life. His retirement from a post in the Civil Service which he has rendered exceptionally illustrious is universally regretted.

"A COURT SCANDAL," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

The young Duc de Richelieu (Mr. Seymour Hicks) was married one day in 1714, at Versailles, to his cousin (Miss Dorothea Baird), daughter of the Duchesse de Noailles; but she flouts him as a schoolboy, though he fain would love her

"A COURT SCANDAL," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

So he woos his mother's mistress, the Princesse-Duchesse de Bourgogne (Miss Miriam Clements), and compels her to give him a commission in the army, so that he may go to the front and forget his proud bride.

“A COURT SCANDAL,” AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*The Duc de Richelieu is flouted by his young consort.**The Duc and his adviser, the gay Chevalier (Mr. Allan Aynesworth).**The Duchesse faints in the Duc's room, in front of the Baron Bellechasse (Mr. Brandon Thomas) and the Chevalier.**The Duchesse faints when she hears that the Duc is to fight a duel.*

THE KILTED SCOTS OF LONDON TOWN.

Of all the various Volunteer corps in London, none occupies a higher place than the London Scottish. Its annual assault-at-arms took place on Friday evening last, and was, as it never fails to be, largely attended, for these displays by the wearers of the kilt are famous for their excellence, showing the effects of splendid training working on an initial physique of no little strength and hardihood.

The regiment is one of the oldest of the Volunteer forces, dating back to the memorable year of the initiation of the Volunteer movement, 1859, and it is the only regiment south of the Tweed which wears the kilt. To whose initiation it was due it seems impossible to discover, but the late Dr. Halley must be credited with taking one of the most practical steps when he asked the Earl of Wemyss, then Lord Elcho, to take command of the Scottish regiment then about to be formed. On July 4 of that year the Scottish residents in London held a meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, with the then Lord Elcho in the chair, and passed a resolution stating that, "as the present condition of affairs on the Continent of Europe may lead to complications that will render it impossible for Great Britain, with due regard to her material interests and high station among the nations, to maintain a position of neutrality, it is expedient that Scottish residents in London and its neighbourhood be invited to participate in strengthening the defensive resources of the country by

soon as they return to London, while in India nearly as many may also be found. Nearly seven years ago it was estimated that about four thousand men had passed through the ranks.

Originally, when it was the 15th Middlesex, membership could be obtained by an applicant who was Scotch by birth, descent, marriage, or property, but now to be a member he must be Scotch by descent, either his father or mother being Scotch, while the property clause insists on its being of a "landed" character. "Scotch by marriage" is no longer permitted. The consequence is that, even more than ever, the corps has become distinctively North of the Tweed in sympathy, in feeling, in aspiration, and in actuality. The regiment is further distinguished by the fact that all throughout its career it has had a hard-and-fast rule that no officer can hold a commission who has not served in the ranks. To this circumstance is attributed not a little of the splendid efficiency which the regiment has gained, and its working may be shown in the fact that its present Commanding Officer is Lieut.-Colonel Eustace J. A. Balfour, the brother of the Leader of the House of Commons, who joined the ranks as long ago as 1882, did not get his company until 1889, and achieved his majority in 1891.

While its patronymic has remained unchanged, the London Scottish is no longer the 15th Middlesex, but is now the 7th Middlesex. It is by



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARGENT ARCHER, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, W.

forming a volunteer rifle corps, to be designated the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers." Within six months the corps thus formed, consisting of six companies of one hundred men each, was accepted by the military authorities, but only one of the companies wore the kilt. Lord Elcho was gazetted Major, and, as the Earl of Wemyss, he has been associated with the corps from its initiation until the present time, when he is Honorary Colonel, so that for a period of forty years, during twenty of which he was in active command, he has been one of the most prominent Volunteers in the country.

Before the end of the year in which it was accepted, the regiment had increased to ten companies, four of which wore kilts. In 1865 it was determined that the whole regiment should adopt the national costume, which to a large extent reproduced that of the first company, named the Highland Company, the other companies being the City, North, Central, South, and West, from the district where the drill-places were situated for the convenience of those living or having business in that neighbourhood. The inevitable period of depression which comes to every society or body of men, as to every individual, was encountered just before what might be called the "kilting" of the whole regiment, but the adoption of the national costume helped the movement of recruiting, and the number of men increased, until now, out of an establishment of a thousand-and-one it numbers fully nine hundred and sixty men, and this in spite of the fact that the regiment loses a large number every year who are compelled to go abroad on business, or for other reasons. Indeed, at the present time, a whole regiment of past "London Scottish" men might be mustered in South Africa, a great number of whom are honorary members and will rejoin the regiment as

no means generally known that one of the objects with which it was formed was to encourage national sports, and it is not surprising, therefore, that at the magnificent headquarters in James Street, Buckingham Gate, which cost the regiment something like £25,000 to build, much enthusiasm is displayed in the cultivation of the physical side of the members. In the splendid hall which is used for the purposes of drill, there is a well-appointed and complete gymnasium, as well as a tennis-court, while in connection with the corps a Curling Club was formed in 1864. As long ago as 1866 a Golf Club was instituted, and from the seeds of this sprang the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club.

With so much enthusiasm, vigour, and dash, so thoroughly drilled, so magnificently officered, it is small wonder that members of the London Scottish are found high up among the front rank in all competitions. They win here and they win there, and on more than one occasion the blue ribbon of the Volunteer world has fallen to one of the members of the grey-kilted regiment. The first occasion when the Gold Medal and the Queen's Prize was won was in 1866, when Private E. Ross was the hero of the occasion, a success nearly repeated five years later, when he won the Silver Medal.

The regiment has one unique distinction; it was the only battalion in the kingdom which attended both the reviews at Windsor and Edinburgh in 1881. It is also remarkable for the distinguished officers which it has had at its head. The office of Honorary Colonel was held from 1861 to 1863 by Lord Clyde, G.C.B. He was succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope-Grant, G.C.B., who did not retire until 1875, when Lord Wemyss was appointed to the position shortly after he retired from the acting Coloneley of the corps.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There hangs a faint suspicion of mere bookmaking about the volume of Landor's Letters which Mr. Stephen Wheeler has edited, and which Messrs. Duckworth have just published. Nobody would have been much the worse—that is, the more ignorant of Landor—had they never appeared. Some dozen or so of them should have been included in his Life and Correspondence. This particular collection has barely enough interest by itself. Yet they are not trivial enough, or dull enough, to dishonour Landor; and since here they are, presented to us in a thick and annotated volume, we may as well get out of them what we can. They are all addressed to Lady Graves-Sawle in her youth, when she was Miss Rose Paynter, or to her mother, Mrs. Paynter, sister of Rose Aylmer of beautiful memory. No new light is thrown by them on the writer, but at least they remind us how charming Landor could be when he got into some quiet backwater of life, where his nerves were not irritated, where he had refined and happy and young people round him.

He appears at moments the impulsive old Furioso whom we know, now storming at the dilatory masons repairing a friend's house, demanding a spade and a pickaxe to do the work himself; now rapturously declaiming over the statue of Jupiter in Bath by Osborne that "nothing of Michael Angelo is nobler"; now certain that some work of an obscure painter would do credit to Titian—ever wrong-headed, right-hearted, and youthful. Here is a pretty and an original tribute from an old man to a young and beautiful woman: "I always had thought my poetry at its best when inspired by you. The next effusion will be at the gates of Paradise, half-a-century hence, or soon after. I would not fix the hour, for I never disappointed a lady, and I must confess I shall be willing to wait for you. Confess that you have never heard any man say the same here on earth."

The letters are not all as good as these samples. But, such as they are, they should not have been given such incongruous neighbours as Landor's contributions to the *Examiner* from 1838 to 1855. These, reflecting the writer's chaotic opinions on public affairs towards the end of his life, are of interest; but it was a clumsy plan to place their solid mass cheek by jowl with the other dainty trifles.

A more complacently modern book than "Napoleon in Russia" (Heinemann), by the eminent painter, M. Vassili Verestchagin, it would be difficult to find. It does not purport to be a history of the great invasion in 1812, but "a statement of the basis of observation on which M. Verestchagin has founded his great series of pictures illustrative of the campaign." Probably the introduction on "Progress in Art and on Realism" will attract more attention than the historical section. His editor, Mr. Whiteing, does his best to draw our sympathy to him because he is "supremely moral." There he shows more prudence than the painter himself, who claims he should be judged as an artist rather than as a moralist. If he spoke of pictures alone, this column would not be the proper place to comment on his words; but his views hold good, he tells us, for literature as well. Roughly paraphrased, they amount to this, and they are startling enough. When the reign of Demos actually comes, there is every likelihood that art will be swept away as useless, trivial, out of date. The people have been clamouring for bread, and art has given them toys, these toys imitations of what were once serious things. Prepare for that time, says Verestchagin. Give the people what it will really care to look at and listen to; truthful reflections of its own life will touch its heart. So art will be safe. The translation of this counsel into fact is commoner than M. Verestchagin seems to think. The coloured photograph, and Mr. Frith's Derby Day, as well as the Russian artist's own sensational pictures, are all translations of it.

There is a significant description of the picture he is going to paint one day of the Adoration of the Magi. His Magi are to be savants and tourists, not kings at all. "One of the wise men would offer a gold coin as a gift to the child, while another would, perhaps, pour out a little of the precious myrrh from his travelling-flask." This should be an interesting work, though not so original as he seems to think. But he supposes he is quarrelling with methods when he holds up the flag of realism. The difference between realism and idealism is not one of method, but of mood. The grand style in its great days was the outcome of high moods. Our artists, literary and pictorial, have less seldom those high moods; therefore, the grand style is not generally ridiculous. That is the justification of realism—quite a temporary justification.

There are more ways of exhibiting the horrors of war than Verestchagin and his editor realise. I think a more effective way is presented in Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock" (Heinemann), a tale of the Southern States before and after the Civil War. There are no gory horrors. It is not physical disgust that is aroused. But there is a picture of demoralisation which powerfully assails the mind and soul. Glory may palliate physical horrors, but it is useless as a consolation for moral misery and decay. The particular evils described were of the time and place, of course, but they have kindred ready to triumph in other times and other places. The book is one to undermine for the moment the staunchest sympathies with the North. Mr. Page paints in the early part a picture of a condition of things so pleasant, so aristocratic, so simple, that we can hardly listen to the suggestion that the lining of it was dark and the foundations tottering. His charmers—that is, all the characters, save a few villains—charm still more in the time of their adversity. Their opinions may be all wrong, but they themselves are of good stock.

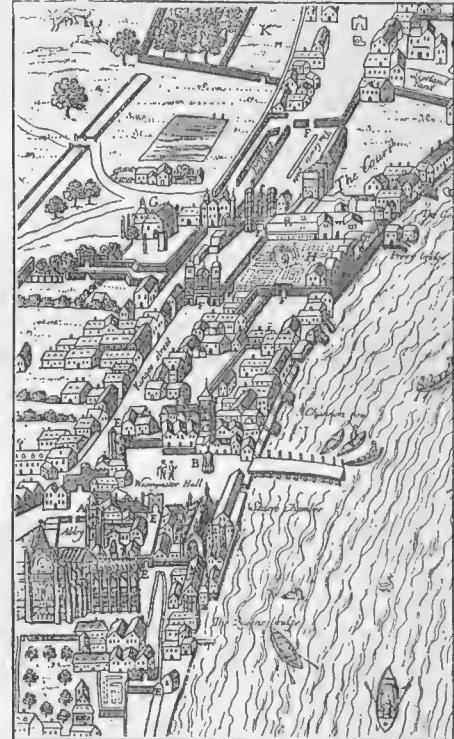
o. o.

OLD WHITEHALL.

To the average Londoner, the name "Whitehall" conveys the idea of a certain well-known thoroughfare extending from Trafalgar Square to Cannon Row, Westminster, and remarkable as containing a number of handsome edifices, among which the Government Offices are well represented.

The fact that Whitehall was the site of a royal palace for more than one hundred and fifty years is well-nigh forgotten, and the numerous changes arising from fires and rebuilding have almost entirely altered the character and appearance of its buildings. Another circumstance which has tended to obscure the identity of the old palace at Whitehall is probably to be found in the confusion in the public mind between it and the adjoining Royal Palace of Westminster, the noble hall of which, built by William Rufus, still stands.

On what is now the thoroughfare of Whitehall there formerly stood the town-house of the Archbishops of York, known, in consequence, as York Palace, and thus it was that the place became intimately associated with the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey. On what is now the thoroughfare of Whitehall there formerly stood the town-house of the Archbishops of York, known, in consequence, as York Palace, and thus it was that the place became intimately associated with the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WESTMINSTER (1591).

This lavish prelate set to work to entirely rebuild York Palace, and the work accomplished was carried out with so much magnificence that it exceeded the splendours of the King's palace at Westminster, just as the Cardinal's palace at Hampton Court exceeded in some respects the King's castle at Windsor. When Wolsey lost the favour of Henry VIII., he lost York Palace as well, and on the Cardinal's death the palace naturally fell altogether into the King's hands. The King had long looked at the house with covetous thoughts, and very soon after the acquisition he made it his residence, giving it the name of Whitehall Palace.

At this time the palace comprised a series of galleries and courts, a large hall, chapel, tennis-court, cock-pit, banqueting-house, and other apartments built much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. James I. conceived the idea of building an entirely new palace on a scale of magnificence which would have rivalled Versailles or the Escorial. He called in Inigo Jones to design such a building, the idea being that it should have a frontage of well-nigh four hundred yards, and cover a space of twenty-four acres. Of this great design only one part was executed, namely, the Banqueting House, the scene of the beheading of Charles I., afterwards converted into the Chapel Royal, and now used as the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. Charles I. contemplated completing the work his father had begun, but an insufficiency of funds and the unsettled state of the country arising from the Civil War prevented the accomplishment of his design. In the reign of William III. the whole of the Palace of Whitehall was destroyed by fire, excepting the Banqueting House. Thus it happens that this, the only part of the projected palace which was completed, is also well-nigh the only link



VIEW OF NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE AND CHARING CROSS.

now remaining which connects the present thoroughfare with the palmy days when our Sovereigns wrote despatches and gave commands from "Our Palace of Whitehall."

The pages of the diarist Pepys contain many references to this almost forgotten royal residence, which enable us to form a vivid idea of the rambling old buildings, with their "boarded gallery," "shield gallery," "matted gallery," "guard-room," "vane-room," and numerous

other apartments. But it is the pictures he draws of the inmates and the curious stories he has to tell of Lady Castlemain and others which have the most interest to the modern reader. One little picture must

Whitehall and its environs have, however, suffered more from fire than flood. In 1512 a part of the ancient Palace of Westminster was destroyed by this means, and in 1834 the great fire which burnt down



OLD HORSE GUARDS.

From a Print by S. Mazell.

suffice. The King was at Whitehall in 1663, and Pepys writes, under the date of Oct. 13—

My Lady Castlemain, I hear, is in as great favour as ever, and the King supped with her the very night he came from Bath: and last night and the night before supped with her; when, there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and



OLD SCOTLAND YARD.

As Painted by Rooker.

the Houses of Parliament also swept away nearly all the remaining parts of the old palace, including the Painted Chamber, the Star Chamber, the beautiful Chapel and Cloisters of St. Stephen, and many other portions.

At the top end of Whitehall, close by the statue of Charles I., stood the pillory, where persons convicted of libellous offences were punished. Rowlandson, with his usual vigour and quaintness, has depicted the scene,



THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE FIRE OF OCT. 16, 1834.

From an Engraving by Russell.

the cook telling her of it, she answered, "Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!" So it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's, and there it was roasted.

Whitehall suffered much from periodical high tides of the river, and it must have been a rather unpleasant and unwholesome place of residence for the royal household when several of the domestic apartments were flooded with river-water.

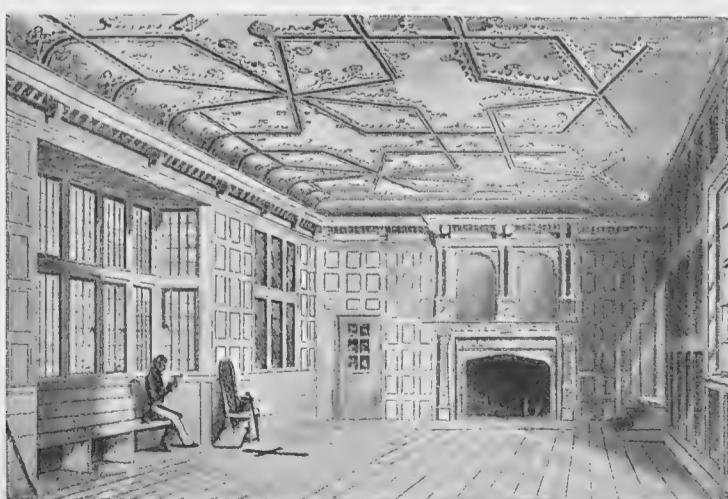


THE PILLORY AT CHARING CROSS.

Drawn by Rowlandson.

upon the occasion of two men being set in the pillory, in an eighteenth-century aquatint, which is reproduced in the accompanying picture.

Among the more important characters who have been literally held up to public scorn and ridicule was William Prynne, the Puritan pamphleteer, who, having given offence to certain members of the Court in his "Histriomastix," was tried in the Star Chamber, imprisoned, and on two occasions put in the pillory at Charing Cross in 1634.



THE STAR CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER.



CLOISTER COURT, ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

THE MAKING OF A BICYCLE.

Few cyclists perhaps have the chance of seeing how their machine is made. Such insight would be a great aid in choosing; but, even if they could inspect the process, they would need to have some criterion to go by, in order to decide on the merits of workmanship. Such a chance (writes a *Sketch* representative) came my way lately, when it happened to fall to my lot to make an inspection of a first-class factory and also of the factory of a maker of "cheap" bicycles on the same day. At the "cheap" factory, cheap tubing was used, and the method of dealing with it was simply to take a cut length and put it straight into the machine. How different the methods in vogue at the other factory, which was that of the New Rapid Cycle Company! Here the best possible weldless steel tube, and that only, is bought. Then every single piece is carefully tested in a variety of ways before it is passed on to the builder. Every cup, cone, and ball-race, after being machined by the best and latest automatic tools, is hardened, and after this again most carefully ground, this latter process being absolutely essential in highest-grade work in order to produce that perfect rotundity and evenness of surface which give sweetness of running in the bicycle and uniform wearing of the chief working parts.

The position of the New Rapid Company with



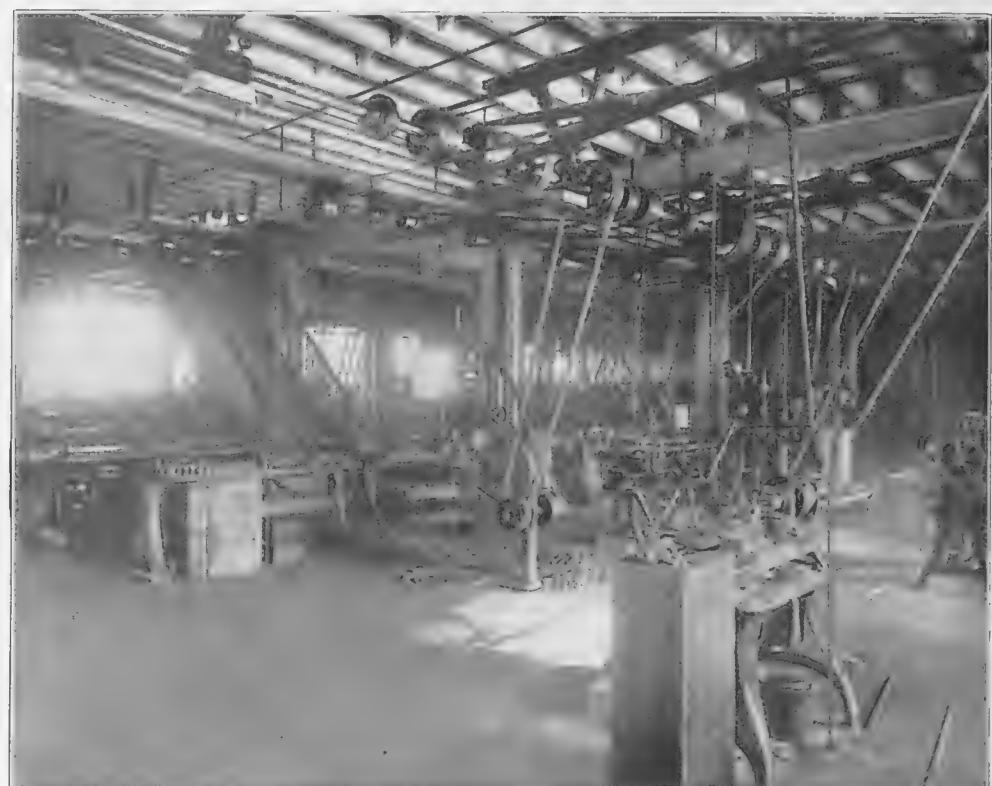
MR. C. A. PALMER.
Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

regard to tyres is important. When the Dunlop tyre came out, the New Rapid Company was one of the earliest to appreciate the advantages of it and to push the sale of pneumatic tyres generally. When it came, however, to the offers of the monopoly Tyre Company, the New Rapid people said, "No, we are not going to bind ourselves down to supply only one tyre. Our customers may prefer other tyres, and we are going to be free to fit any tyre we think best."

Since the introduction of the Fleuss Tubeless, the New Rapid Company have been pushing that extremely ingenious tyre. There is no doubt that the Fleuss is a very easily detached tyre, and the system of repairing "from the inside" is certainly unique in its excellence. When punctured, the Fleuss deflates more slowly than any other tyre.

The New Rapid Company are, however, very anxious that it should be clearly understood that they are not tied in any way whatever. "No," as Mr. Palmer, the Manager, said to me, "we simply recommend Fleuss tyres—we think they are the best; but we can and will supply any other tyre on the market; and, more than that, we are one of the very few good houses which can say as much. We are free absolutely."

The New Rapid Company recommend their customers to buy the very best bicycle in the market, regardless of price. "We do not ask you," they say, "to purchase a New Rapid at



GENERAL MACHINE-SHOP.

£15 10s. net if you think another machine at £20 is in any way superior to it. "Here," they say in effect, "is our bicycle at £15 10s. net. We who make it have a twenty years' reputation for reliable machines. If you can find a better bicycle anywhere else, do not bring your order to us." They go much further, in fact, and say there is no room for them to build two qualities.

The company have fine dépôts at 65, Holborn Viaduct, London (two doors from Snow Hill Station), and at 92, Albion Street, Leeds.

Mr. Palmer, the Managing Director of the New Rapid Cycle Company, Limited, is not only a successful man of business, but a practical cyclist of extensive experience. Mr. Palmer's cycling career dates back to the 'sixties and the bone-shaker. In the early 'seventies he was an ardent road-rider, and in the later 'seventies and the early 'eighties he raced on road and path most successfully. Even Cortis himself had, on more than one occasion, to give way to his lightning sprint. Mr. Palmer was also a road-rider as well, so that he had the benefit of a twofold knowledge. He learned by his racing and by his touring what were the weak and what the strong points of bicycles. He once rode from Birmingham to Llandudno in a day, on a high bicycle, with two stoppages, a thoroughly practical test to some special machine he had built.

Mr. Palmer's chief aim was to produce a bicycle which should earn its reputation, first and foremost, for reliability. As he put it to the writer a good many years ago, "I want to sell a bicycle which shall be as light and speedy as possible, but which shall never break down or go wrong, or give its owner a moment's trouble." This is the policy which made the St. George's Engineering Company, of which Mr. Palmer was Manager, and it is also one of the great broad principles upon which its successors, the present New Rapid Cycle Company, base their fame and, at the same time, their claim to the public confidence.



TOOL-MAKING ROOM.

WOMEN WHO ACHIEVE THE RARE ART OF BEING SILENT.

CLEMENT SCOTT DESCRIBES THE NUNS OF BIARRITZ.

"When you are staying at Biarritz, mind you walk out one day and visit the humble *rétréat* of the self-sacrificing Bernardines, or, to put it more plainly, the Sisters of Silence. They live close by the Convent of 'Notre Dame du Refuge,' amongst the sands, and the 'dunes,' and the

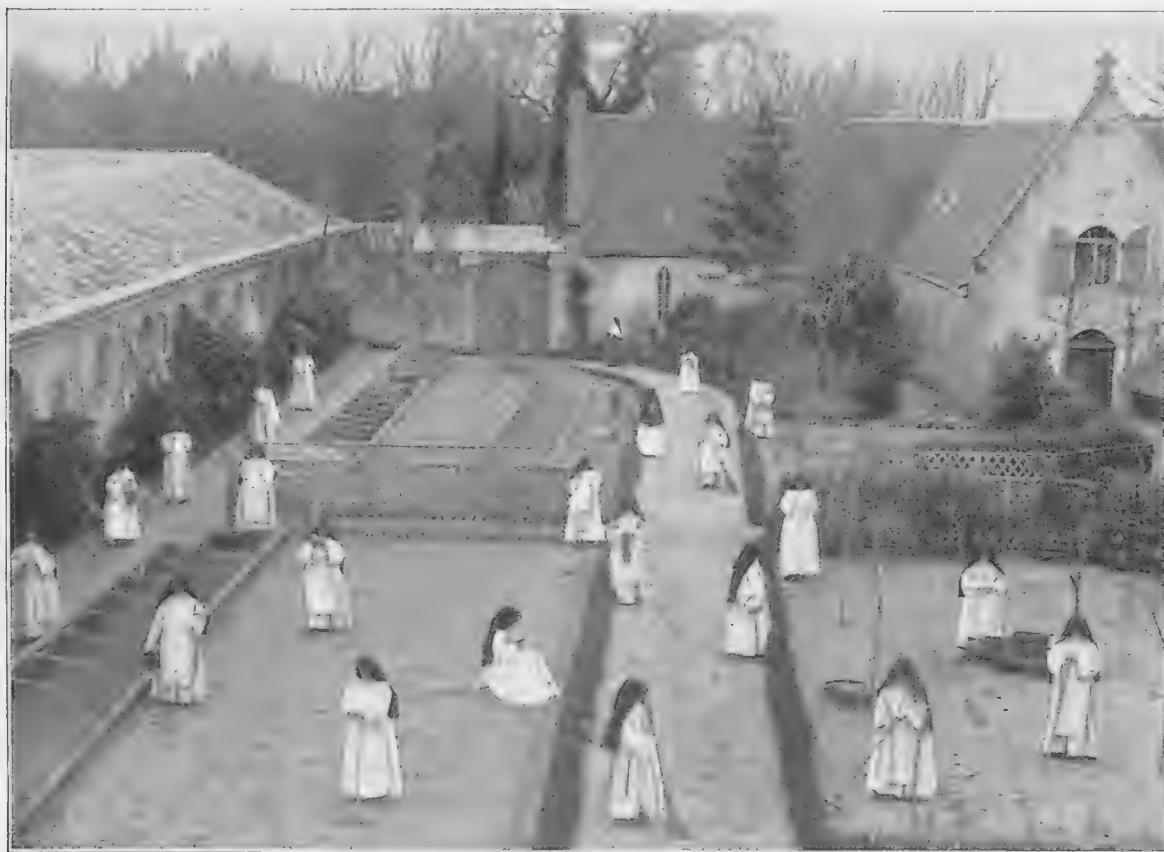
"dunes," however lowly and unadorned their chapel, their refectory, and their "cellules"—which almost resemble a prisoner's cell, with nothing but sand for the floor—these solitary and silent women are ever idle. They till the barren soil and make it fertile; they cultivate flowers and grow vegetables in abundance, which are freely sold in the markets of France as well as of Spain; they make lace, they make shoes, they paint cards with exquisite taste—all of which produce is sold for the benefit of the Convent of the Refuge, with its sister and adjacent home, "La Solitude."

All they cannot do, by the rules of the severe Order to which they have voluntarily bound themselves for life, is to speak or to lift up their eyes to look into a human face. Speechless, and with ever-downcast eyes, they meditate hour by hour, and day after day, on the life that is past and the life that is to come, toiling, working, praying, and doubtless reflecting on the motto that hangs on the Convent walls—

Il en coûte de Bien Vivre,
mais
Qu'il sera doux de Bien Mourir.

So, one bright, sunny morning, I set forth from the famous hotel facing the blue Bay of Biscay, once the palace of a luckless Empress, and naturally her favourite home, being so near her native and beloved Spain, to discover the Convent of the Bernardines, or Sisters of Solitude. There was little silence as I walked along. The birds in the air were singing; bells jangled on the collars of the

horses and the oxen; the steam-cars puffed away on the road from Biarritz to Bayonne; they were all laughing merrily on the golf-links by the sea and in the club-house adjoining, where the English residents and visitors seem to spend the best part of the day between meals, all



THE SISTERS PLAY AT GARDENING.

scattered fir-trees on the wild coast of the Bay of Biscay, half-way between Biarritz and Bayonne." "You will doubtless be staying at the Hôtel du Palais, which, as you know, was once the summer residence of the Empress Eugénie, when her now saddened life was all sunshine and happiness; and you may take it from me, for I happen to know, that her Majesty the Empress of the French took no greater interest in any religious Order than in her favourite penitents who are bound by their Order to mortify the tongue and the eye, who never speak, and who never look into a human face!"

All this was whispered in my ear by an old friend before I left London for my winter holiday, which was to be spent under the shadows of the Pyrenees, close by the border-line between Spain and France. I confess that I had never before heard of the Bernardines, or knew that there was any religious Order of women which observed the laws of silence and abasement. Of course, I know the Trappist monks, who never speak, and who dig their own graves, and I have seen them at their dumb and isolated work in more than one country, but I had yet to become acquainted with "La Solitude," near Biarritz, where, under the very hardest and strictest conditions of life, women rescued from the world—as in the case of the Penitents of the Good Shepherd at Mill Hill—seek pardon in self-denial and good works. But do not believe for a moment that, however bitter their task, however humble their dwelling in the lonely



THE SISTERS PRAY FOR THE DEAD IN THEIR LITTLE CEMETERY.

as golf-mad out here as we are in England. The blue sea dashed upon the rocks, flinging a torrent of white spray into the air, and one felt, in this glorious atmosphere, bracing as a tonic, the full exhilaration and joy of existence. This was the exact contrast that was required before visiting the retreat in the pine-woods—the home of Solitude and Silence. I was evidently nearing the spot that was to end my little pilgrimage.



THE PIETA IN THE GARDEN OF THE SISTERS OF SOLITUDE.

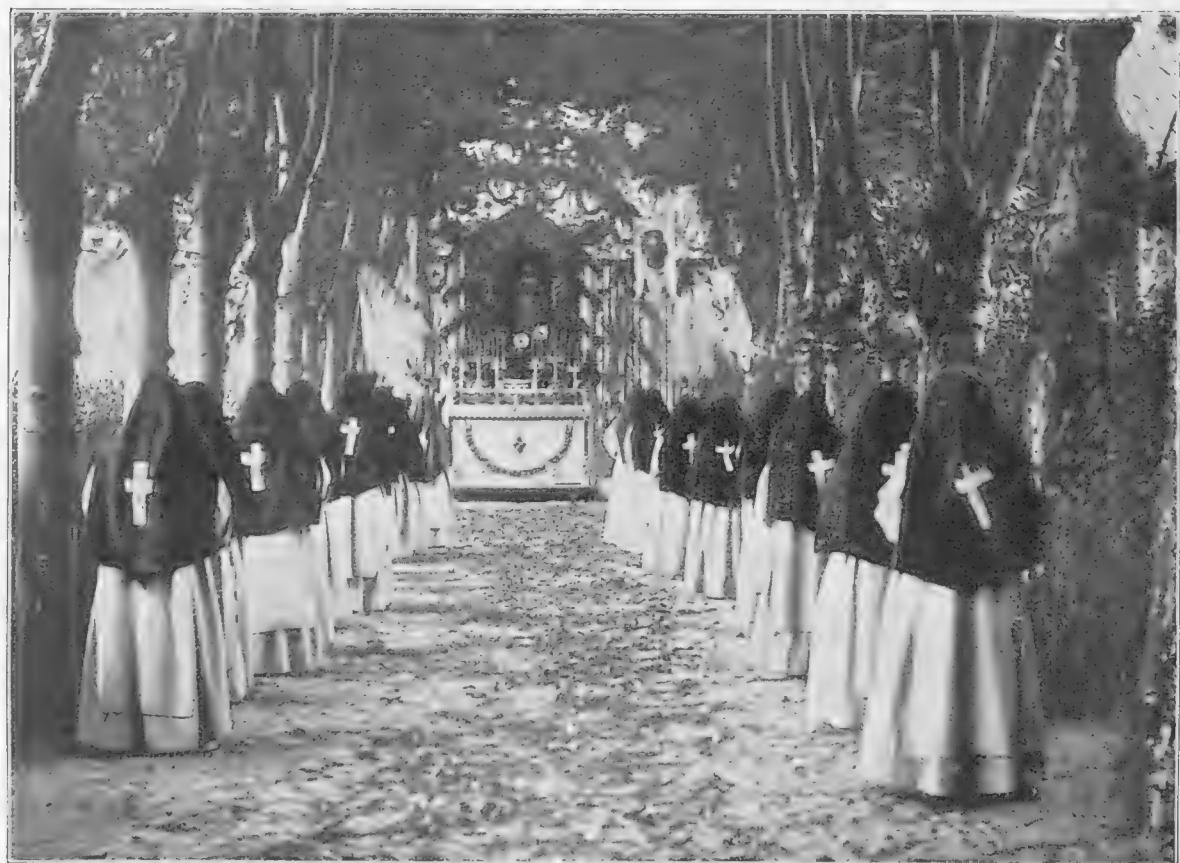
As I passed along the pasture and the fields, instead of rough peasants and labourers, I saw silent women in their sombre habit of black and white, hooded in black, and with large white crosses on their "tabard-like" mantles, hoeing the turnips, tilling the soil, gathering the fir-cones, guiding the cattle, all speechless, all with eyes cast down on the ground. Suddenly, a bell rang out from the Convent. Down went these silent workers on their knees; they had taught the cattle to do the same, or, at any rate, to humbly stoop when the good Sisters indulged in a few seconds of silent prayer. At every quarter of each hour, day and night, this bell on the Convent clock strikes out its ominous message, bringing a moment's meditation to those sad women, who, we may hope, after their grievous trouble, are at last at peace with all the world.

You approach the lowly Solitude by a sandy lane, with small hedges on either side starred with camellias, cacti, and flowering laurustinus. It is nearing the sunset hour, and night frost is expected, so the Bernardines are surrounding the tender plants and vegetables with matting, and are busy at the top of the glass conservatory neatly rolling down preserving-mats of plaited straw. For them in their humble, sanded refectory at nightfall will be a piece of dry bread and a jug of cold water; a prayer on bended knees, abased on the sand, every quarter of an hour; a silent meditation in the lowly chapel, bare, whitewashed, sanded, unadorned, save for the statue on the high altar of "Notre Dame de la Solitude"—a miraculous gift. And then a few hours' sleep in the plainest cell, comfortless, but spotlessly clean, scarcely protected from the bitter, piercing air outside. Believe me, the cattle of the Convent of the Solitude, in their warm, cosy sheds, are better tended.

I am met at the gate by one of the Sisters of "Notre Dame du Refuge," who is bound by no laws of silence and who spends her day at the entrance of the solitary Convent. Our first visit is, of course, to the chapel, appallingly plain and bare. Here is the first instance of the severity of the rules of self-denial. In other convents there is comfort at least in the chapel of the Order, where all the religious meet to pray, morning, noon, and night. Coloured statues on the altar, painted windows and frescoed walls, gaily adorned "Stations of the Cross," lace, flowers, altar-cloths, music, light, and brightness relieve the convent life elsewhere from its dreariness and monotony. Not so at the Solitude. Only one patient figure on the altar of "Our Lady of Loneliness," and no more. Elsewhere, sand for the floor, whitewash for the wall—a barn-like, desolate, and deserted place.

Here, prostrate on the sand, in this very chapel, many long years ago, was found her Majesty the Empress of the French, praying with all the earnestness of her beautiful nature for a special gift from God. The good Abbé Cestac, seeing her attitude of intense devotion, ventured to approach her and whisper words of comfort and of hope in her ear. "Madame," said the gentle priest, "I have been praying also, and I have an inner conviction, fortified by my appeal to the Mother of Sorrows, that your prayer will be answered." Nothing more was said. In four months' time, to the joy of the Empress, the Emperor, and France, the Prince Imperial was born. Shall we wonder, then, that the Penitents of the Solitude, the spot, scene, the history of its foundation, and its work of mercy, appealed directly to the generous heart of our own Queen of England?

Shall we be surprised to hear that her Majesty, with her gentle, tender nature, made her way also to the Convent of Solitude that was so dear to her well-loved friend, the lonely, widowed, and disconsolate Empress Eugénie? The Sister who took me round this home of rest told me that she had had the honour on more than one occasion to escort the Queen of England and the Princess Beatrice over the Convent, both of whom were deeply touched by the sentiment of the Solitude, and their names are held in veneration by all whose lives are passed in this remarkable refuge.



PROCESSION OF THE SISTERS OF SOLITUDE TO "OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION."

ROUND THE THEATRES.

Miss Lizzie Webster, the Citizeness in "The Only Way," at the Lyceum Theatre, is a scion of a noble race, being the granddaughter of "old Ben Webster" and a sister of the present Mr. Benjamin Webster, also



MISS FLOSSIE WILKINSON IN "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

playing in the new version of "A Tale of Two Cities." Miss Webster made her first appearance in the title rôle of "Sweet Lavender" at the end of the run of that play in 1889, but says that her first "real parts" were in "Dream Faces" and "A Pair of Spectacles" in 1890, and since then she has been with the Kendal company for two years, and, later on, played in "The Lady Slavey" and in Mr. Pinero's "Lady Bountiful." Then came seasons at the Criterion and Haymarket, and in 1893 she joined the St. James's company, where she did some useful understudying, and played Lady Orreyd in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" for some weeks. Later in that year, Miss Webster married the popular Mr. Sydney Brough, thus uniting two of our greatest stage families, and, to use her own words, "she has lived happily ever since," so happily that she has done little work, except for charities, and this is her first engagement of any importance since that happy event. Their family consists of a black pug and a Chow-Chow.

Mr. Sam Johnson, the veteran actor who is playing at the Lyceum in "The Only Way," played with Henry Irving at Sunderland forty-three years ago. It is said that Irving promised, if ever he had a theatre of his own, Sam Johnson should be a member of his company. And one of Irving's first acts on becoming master of the Lyceum was to bring his old colleague to London. Mr. Archer, another actor who has been for many years at the Lyceum, was in the stock company at Manchester forty years ago which also included Henry Irving. A third colleague in that stock company was Mr. John Cavanagh, the popular acting manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has lately written a new play for his countrywoman, Duse. It is entitled "La Gioconda," and the dedication, in Italian, is to Duse's beautiful hands. The first representation will take place in Florence; Duse will also play it in the course of her forthcoming American tour. In France it will be in the hands of Sarah Bernhardt. The piece tells of a sculptor, Lucio Sessala—how he fashions a superb statue, "La Gioconda," from a lovely woman who is destined to be at once his triumph and his curse. The two fall passionately in love. Sylvia, his wife, who also adores him, discovers his infatuation, and suffers terribly from the knowledge that he is no longer hers. Lucio, harassed by conscience on the one hand, and consumed by passion on the other, determines to put an end to his life at the foot of the statue of the

woman whose beauty has wrought his moral undoing. He does not, however, kill himself outright, and it is his wife who nurses him back to life with the tenderest devotion. Full of remorse, he turns to her once more, in gratitude and love, resolves to be true, and to forget Gioconda. This attitude, of course, is not maintained. There comes a letter from Gioconda, in which she tells her lover how she has spent all the days and nights of his illness beneath the statue which has eternally united them, and that there she awaits his return. This news fans the smouldering flame of his passion, and renders him again unhappy. Then comes a dramatic scene in the studio between the two women. Sylvia demands from Gioconda the key, who refuses to give it up unless at Lucio's request. Sylvia, who is there without his knowledge, lies in order to get possession of the key. Whereupon Gioconda, in a frenzy at the thought that she has lost her lover, rushes upon the statue to destroy it. Sylvia cannot stand by to see her husband's masterpiece ruined, and tries to save it with her hands. She fails, and the poor hands are crushed by the block of marble. The last act shows the unhappy woman in her native village, alone, melancholy, purified through suffering. A pathetic scene, in which her lovely little girl visits her for the first time after the accident, closes the play, which might well be called the "Tragedy of the Beautiful Hands."

Charles Morton, Father of the Music-halls, is very quick to discover talent, and many a performer now prominently before the public owes name and position to his discernment. His latest discovery is Miss Kitty Merton, a singer and dancer who, *mirabile dictu*, can dance and sing. Obviously a young girl, she is at the same time an experienced one who knows the stage and the ways thereof. Talent for entertaining is in Miss Merton's case enhanced by a pretty face and figure to match, by dainty costumes well selected and tastefully worn. Moreover, she knows the value of words and how to pronounce them, nor does she clamour for applause over the bodies of initial aspirates and final "g's." The variety stage stands in need of such well-trained turns, and the star of Miss Kitty Merton, new-risen at the Palace Theatre, is, I think, destined to shine brightly over the wide realms of variety entertainment. Rumour says that Madame Lanner has taught the young artist how to dance, and this explains the quality of the dancing, so rare upon the variety stage, and



MISS EILY DESMOND, WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN SOUTH AFRICA AS LADY ALGIE.

Photo by Rosca Rees, Johannesburg.

withal so pleasing. Miss Merton's is one of the very attractive turns at a house where nearly every turn is good, and the patron of the halls will aptly misquote the words of the happy weaver in Titania's realms, and say, "Good Mistress Kitty Merton, I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match between John Roberts and Charles Dawson which begins on Monday is unquestionably the most important event in the billiard world since the first Championship match in 1870, when "Old John," the present Champion's father, was defeated by William Cook. From 1885 till the end of last year, John Roberts had been left in undisputed possession of his title, and people were beginning to think that he would be allowed to die unchallenged, when Dawson unexpectedly threw down the gauntlet. Five years ago such a challenge would have been regarded as a piece of advertising bluff, or as a specimen of Yorkshire bumptiousness; but in the last two years Dawson's play has improved out of all knowledge, so the big match of 1899 may prove a repetition of the history of 1870, when old Roberts, after remaining unchallenged for twenty years, went down before Cook.

Prior to 1870 the Billiard Championship was an intangible possession. There was no cup or other outward and visible sign of supremacy. Old John was from 1849 till 1870 universally allowed to be the greatest exponent of the game then living. He habitually gave with success the odds of 300 in 1000 to the next-best players. He occupied, in fact,

the next challenger, Joseph Bennett, was a player of the highest excellence, and defeated Roberts by 95 points, after a most exciting game.

For the next fifteen years the Championship was held variously by Roberts, Cook, and Bennett; but in 1885, after beating Bennett by more than half the game, John Roberts began to assert that unquestioned superiority which has left him undisturbed in his title for more than thirteen years. How he will fare with his latest challenger will be known only when the marker calls "Game."



DAWSON HAS CHALLENGED ROBERTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

exactly the same position towards all rivals as his great son held twenty years later. Towards the end of the 'sixties, however, a youth named William Cook attained a proficiency in the spot stroke hitherto unapproached. Twice he defeated the Champion's son, making breaks of 351 and 359, and eclipsing Old John's break of 346, which had stood as a record for seven years. There could be only one end to such a remarkable performance, and in the autumn of 1869 Cook issued a challenge to play the Champion, on or before Jan. 1, 1870, a match of 1000 or 2000 up, level, for £500 a-side. Roberts accepted the challenge, and a meeting of the leading professionals was convened to draw up rules for the proposed Championship match. At this meeting it was agreed that the match should be played on a specially constructed table, the pockets of which should be five-eighths of an inch smaller than those commonly used, and that the spot should be placed half-an-inch nearer the top cushion. Roberts's influence with his brother professionals was enormous, and the object of these changes in the table was, of course, to smother Cook's supposed superiority at the spot stroke. Whatever the object of the framers of the Championship regulations, their rules remained in force for nearly thirty years, and every Championship match from 1870 till the present contest between Dawson and John Roberts—which is, of course, to be played under the new rules of the Billiard Association—took place on the hybrid table.

Roberts and Cook met at St. James's Hall on Jan. 1, 1870. The Prince of Wales was present, and as many famous faces were to be seen in the body of the hall as in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery during an exciting debate in the House of Commons. The game was 1200 up, and till half-time Roberts fairly held his own, but after the interval the old man began to lose ground, and was finally beaten by 117. It was his first and last appearance in a match for the Championship. The game must have been very different from the staid and decorous affairs nowadays witnessed at the Egyptian Hall, where the slightest whisper is sternly hushed. All through the game old John kept chaffing his friends and chalking down bets on the floor, while the spectators freely expressed their opinions as to the chances of the two players. Unlike his son, whose stoicism and self-command in an important match are quite remarkable, the elder Roberts had a fatal taste for appealing to the gallery.

Immediately after winning the Championship, Cook was challenged by "young" Roberts, by whom he was soundly beaten. Cook had let himself run so hopelessly out of form after beating old Roberts that no importance was attached to this game. Six weeks later, Roberts was challenged by Bowles, whom he defeated with ease and affluence; but

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The really important and interesting topic of the present is not the Chinese Question or the Dreyfus Case—it is the proposed amalgamation of the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover. The three Southern lines, especially in their suburban developments, have probably been responsible for more profanity than any other objects in the United Kingdom, not excepting the weather; for the weather is, after all, involuntary, whereas the railways are mismanaged by responsible beings. And there seems less excuse for the discomforts of the line in that no laws of nature known to scientists compel its trains to be slow and its stations to be unsheltered, its permanent-way to be jerky, and its general character dirty. It is the nature of a north-easter to be bitterly cold and to blow in early spring; we expect it, and we are seldom disappointed. But a railway-train is supposed to carry people from place to place at a fair speed, for a moderate sum, and somewhere about the hour announced beforehand. This the Brighton Line attempts to do—not altogether successfully. The Chatham Line occasionally thinks about it, but relapses into the slough of squalid and hopeless poverty. The South-Eastern scorns the very attempt.

There is nothing in the Northern lines that can approach the South-Eastern except the hideous traffic between Moorgate Street and King's Cross. And for this tangle of trains, the Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern, with their through connections, are largely responsible. The Great Northern keeps its suburban traffic out of the way of its main-line trains; the Midland is doing so at great expense; the Great Eastern is the most progressive of London lines. But the South-Eastern is still what Cromwell or somebody called the English law—"a perverse and ungodly jumble." In no other line is there such an interlacement of crossing rails; in no other line can a petty suburban train block the entire traffic as it goes diagonally across the mouth of Cannon Street Station. The two-terminus system of the other Southern lines is bad; but it is possible to keep main-line and suburban traffic apart to some extent. But, with the triangular junction of Cannon Street, Charing Cross, and London Bridge, the slightest hitch means a confusion and delay ever growing. A fog means delay on any line; on the South-Eastern it means a practical suspension of traffic, for on that line any one train can—and does—block the course of any and all other trains.

Then there is the question of fares and rates. It may be broadly said that the railway that at present charges special fares for express trains (unless it gives special accommodation), and excludes the third-class passenger from any trains (except *trains-de-luxe*), is not worthy to exist as a business. Simplification is the note of the present; uniform rates and uniform opportunities. The abstruse calculations required by a system of "ordinary" fares, "cheap" fares, and "express" fares are worthy of the mediæval schoolmen. People had time to work out such things in the Middle Ages; we have not. In a modern railway the train ought always to start for a particular destination from the same platform, and travel over the same rails; nor should its route be crossed by other trains more than is absolutely necessary. Level crossings of lines should be avoided by taking the side rails over or under the middle ones, as every line except the South-Eastern does when it can. And the fares for travelling between two given stations should be the same for the same class by all trains, and proportionate to the distance travelled.

Until these elementary rules of modern railway management are observed and guaranteed by the two Southern lines, they should not be allowed to amalgamate. In the interest of the general public, and even of the shareholders, some approach to efficiency must be exacted. It is undoubtedly true that amalgamation will allow of much saving in expenses, and much convenience of traffic; though the informal amalgamation already made has not extended to the obvious step of abolishing the competitive time-tables. There are places to and from which there exists an alternative service by Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern. Under the old hostile system, the trains to and from these places were timed to be, as far as possible, simultaneous, so that those who missed one train would miss the other, and have no more chance of getting to town by two lines than by one. This imbecility still exists.

The fact is that the record of both companies is so bad, that confiscation would be more generally popular than amalgamation. What little improvement has been noticed of late was due chiefly to competition, crippled as that was by the poverty of the Chatham and Dover. What will happen if the two bad lines are allowed to form one monopoly it is hard to imagine. Probably, we shall read that an unfortunate gentleman who took refuge in a cattle-truck in an overcrowded train has been prosecuted for travelling in a superior class without paying the difference.

MARMITON.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 15, 7.2; Thursday, 7.4; Friday, 7.6; Saturday, 7.7; Sunday, 7.9; Monday, 7.10; Tuesday, 7.12.

We are sure to have a good deal of motor-paced racing at the Crystal Palace this year. Motors are constantly being tried on the track down Sydenham way, and a good-going rate of thirty-five miles an hour has been secured. It will be interesting to see what speed can really be attained on a bicycle. The motors are to have shields, which will cut the current of air and so protect riders from the air-pressure caused by their own momentum. With this protection, record-breakers are sure to go in for a higher gear than ever. But ordinary road-riders should not be led to think that high-gearred machines are best for pleasure-junting. For road-travelling I ride a machine geared up to eighty-two, which is a good, serviceable gear for a man who is out practically every day.



THE COVER OF THE "C.T.C. GAZETTE."

and ordinary untitled folk galore. The C.T.C. undoubtedly holds first position for having lifted-wheeling into a position of public appreciation. Some day, I suppose, we'll be all asked to contribute our shillings to give Mr. E. R. Shipton a good substantial evidence of appreciation. My shilling is ready now. The club itself is flourishing wonderfully well. Its revenue surplus for 1898 amounts to £1542 16s. It has a cash balance of £2533 13s. 1d., and £16,182 19s. 3d. invested in Consols. Its surplus revenue is, however, smaller than in 1897, because the touring handbook, which was formerly sold at a profit, is now given to members, at a cost of £3301 19s. 5d. More, too, by nearly £1000 has been expended on danger and caution boards, and the legal expenses on behalf of members have been multiplied sixfold.

Happily, I have managed to keep cool in the whirl of controversy whether long cranks are better than ordinary cranks. But I have been following the wild talk on both sides as it has appeared in the cycling papers, and I've even experimented myself. You can't set any certain rule; that is what I've learnt. On a stretch of good road, say, of ten miles, I prefer the long crank; but if I'm out touring, and have all sorts and conditions of road to face, I am less tired when I use the ordinary crank. Generally speaking, for the wheelman who has no fads, but wants simply to get pleasure out of his machine, with a minimum of exertion, I would suggest that he keep to the ordinary crank.

However, we are promised a match over a hundred-mile course between four riders with ordinary cranks and four with long cranks. At least, there is talk of it, though I shouldn't be surprised if it falls through owing to the ridiculous conditions urged on behalf of the long-crankers. It is claimed that the ages of the competitors should be the same, that the machines should be a similar weight, that the men are to stop and lunch together at the half-distance, and that three times during the race each man shall be examined by doctors, and if anyone is found to be unsound, he is to be disqualified! As I would like to see the two cranks put to a test, I am sorry these foolish conditions are urged. It almost looks as though they were pressed simply to court refusal of compliance from the other side.

Though the new Metropolitan Streets Bill introduced into Parliament by the Home Secretary will not specifically mention bicycles as among the vehicles forbidden to use certain congested thoroughfares during certain hours, I have heard that there will be a general clause in the Bill empowering the police to regulate the use of bicycles. Carts and drays will be the first to be restricted from blocking the main arteries of traffic; then omnibuses will, in several cases, have to alter their routes; and then, if the traffic is still congested in the City, I believe cyclists will be forbidden certain streets during certain hours.

I have received several letters of complaint from people who cycle in Hyde Park at having to stop their morning spin at noon or finish it in the streets. Mr. Akers-Douglas, who has the deciding of this matter, might with great advantage extend the hour till two o'clock. Then cyclists could continue riding up to lunch without in any way being an inconvenience to carriage-folks. Further, it would be a great benefit if, say, after seven o'clock, when the carriages have gone home, Hyde Park was again open to cyclists. In America riding in the parks at night is a favourite enjoyment. The ordinary lamp is discarded, and a pretty Japanese lantern fastened in front instead. I can picture how delightful Hyde Park could really be in the cool of the evening to wheelmen who may have been cooped-up most of the day in stuffy offices, if only the First Commissioner of Works would make this kindly concession.

I have recently been some long rides, and I must say, in a general sense, that the roads for this time of the year are magnificent. There is every evidence the season will mark a turn in the cycling tide. If I held shares in a cycling company, which I don't, I certainly wouldn't think of selling out at least till the end of the season. Coventry can cease to draw a long face and smile once more. A Transatlantic paper has been endeavouring to ascertain the opinion of ironmongers, whether selling cycles in conjunction with their business was profitable or not. One firm replied, "We are very much pleased to state that we do not handle bicycles. We have other troubles."

In Chicago last year I met "Teddy" Edwards, the man who undertook to do one hundred miles a-day on his wheel for 365 days in succession. Though the feat was Yankee-like in conception, Edwards, contrary to the general supposition, isn't an American at all. He is a Londoner, and, four or five years ago, earned his living by reporting for a London evening paper, and only went across the Atlantic in the hope of bettering his position. He struck me as a weedy sort of fellow—not at all the kind of man to undertake so tremendous a ride. To knock off a hundred miles a day is not much in itself; but the constant succession of centuries week by week, month by month, grew terribly monotonous. Of course, he picked the best roads in the Eastern States to ride, and he was always pleased to have companionship, though he refused the wiles of the "scorcher." He jogged along steadily at ten miles an hour, halting generally three times in the course of a day, once to have dinner, and twice to have a smoke and a little rest. Many a morning, he told me, bed pulled hard. He was often loth to get on his bicycle. The first ten miles were wearisome. After that, when he really got settled to his work, he had no desire to stop. "Teddy" Edwards, however, did not succeed in covering the 36,500 in the year. He collapsed when he had done 25,000 miles in 250 days, which is the world's record. It will be hard to beat. Now, a real American named Stafford is endeavouring to outdo Edwards's feat. There's nothing to be said in defence of this kind of record-breaking. But it's very wonderful, all the same.

SPRING-TIME IS A-COMIN'.

There's a little lark a-singin' in a kige, jus' dahn the street—
It's a Hadeliner Patti orf a bird,
An' it seems ter me the covey knows 'e's givin' us a treat,
For 'e sings the sweetest moosie that I've 'eard.
'E knows that spring's a-comin', an' 'e needs no Orlminack
Ter tell 'im that the sky'll soon be blue,
Tho' 'e's prisoned in the Dials, 'e don't sing "Alas! Alack!"
An' 'e doesn't awsk no symperfy from you.

There's a little lilao gro'rin' in a corner orf ahr yard,
An' I sometimes think this little lilac knows
That the dwellers in the Dials 'ave ter liv' a life wot's 'ard,
An' jus' ter cheer 'em up, I think it grows.
Its branches are a-breakin' aht, wi' tiny spots o' green,
It means ter bloom in spite orf everything,
An' you wonder why it does it? Well, it's easy ter be seen—
It's preparin' for the comin' orf the Spring.

There's a restlessness comes o'er me, whrn I 'ear the lark's sweet song,
An' I see the lilac puttin' on its green,
An' the Spirit orf the Country seems ter beckon me along,
Whisp'rin', "What's the use o' beauty that's not seen?"
Then I thinks orf Eppin' Forest, an' orf breezy Epsim Dahns,
An' I feel I'm jus' as 'appy as a King;
Pleasure greets you in the country, Care is on'y fit for tahns,
So I'm orff ter giv' a welcome ter the Spring.

GEOFFREY PENWORTHY.



REAL PICCANINNIES AT CAPE TOWN.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

If Mrs. Langtry decides to run Bridegroom for the Lincoln Handicap, she may, in grasping for the shadow, miss the substance, for the horse, in my opinion, could not well lose the Jubilee Handicap. Probably, however, Robinson is of the opinion that Bridegroom can win the Lincoln Handicap and then go on to Kempton and carry his penalty to victory there. I shall try and find something to beat Robinson's lot at Lincoln, and, if Kopoly starts fit and well, I shall expect him to do the trick. Mazeppa, I am sorry to hear, has been under a cloud with dental troubles; but she is all right now, and, if she goes to the post, she will make a big show. She is, be it noted, owned by Mr. Mills, who works the commissions for Robinson's stable.

I do hope Mr. Dyas will start Gentle Ida for the Grand National, as many of my friends think I am over-confident about this mare's chance. On the other hand, I contend she has, on her merits, a chance second to none. When Gentle Ida won the Great Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester, she flew the country like a greyhound; and the position now is this, nothing in the Grand National can beat her for speed if she stands up. I think she is a perfect fencer, and I believe her to be as sound as bell-metal. I have always contended that horses trained on sound going have a big advantage, and it must not be forgotten that Gentle Ida is doing her finishing preparation over the same gallops that were used for Manifesto when he won the big steeplechase.

Good weather favoured Gatwick last week, and some capital running was seen. The photographs I reproduce give a good idea of the ground, one of them showing Mr. A. Gorham's Carrington winning the Burstow Steeplechase.

"Will Sloan be as successful in the saddle during '99 as he was last year?" is a question that is often asked. I think he will. In the first place, he will ride some good horses for the Prince of Wales and Lord William Beresford, and it may be taken for granted that, when any other owner asks him to ride, the horse will have a great chance of winning. His average, therefore, ought to be better than that of the majority of our jockeys, who are called upon to ride good, bad, or indifferent horses as they come along. One thing is certain: Sloan

latter-day trainer is such a good judge of horseflesh that he knows when to speculate and when to leave the game alone? Or can it be that he makes so much money out of his training profits that he can afford to do without betting at all? According to my reading of the situation, there is not much to be made out of training horses at £2 10s. per week each. Therefore, I think the modern-day trainer cuts a dash out of his winnings, but it would be interesting to know what system he adopts. It is evidently a different one to that acted upon by the majority of the owners, who certainly do not get rich by backing their own horses.

Mr. H. M. Ripley, despite a series of terrible accidents, continues to ride as successfully as ever. Mr. Charley Thompson, who, I should say, holds the record for broken bones, has done little since his return to the Turf; but he still follows the hounds as straight as the crow flies, and he can be often seen in the Row on young horses that require a lot of managing. Sir Claude de Crespigny has fractured numerous bones first and last, but his pluck is to-day simply unbeatable. The three gentlemen referred to are constitutionally as hard as nails, and are all the time in good fettle, so that a simple fracture or a serious accident comes alike to them. Sir Claude thinks nothing of taking a twenty-mile walk, while Mr. Ripley and Mr. Thompson may be said

to almost live on horseback when they are able to ride at all. Herein lies the secret of their being able to battle successfully against broken bones.

Just before the commencement of each flat-racing season I get pestered with letters from system faddists, all of whom guarantee certain fortune, and many finish up by wanting to borrow half-a-crown to go on with. There are many systems which look good on paper, but directly you come to work them in real earnest a flaw is found that sooner or later swallows up the bank. Backing second favourites has of late years been known to answer better than anything else, but no bookmaker away from the course will lay them, and if you follow the meetings, it is difficult to discover at the right moment what is and what is not the actual second favourite.

Of the making of new papers there is no end, and each year, at the commencement of flat-racing, tipping-sheets go up like a rocket, to only too soon come down like a stick. On the other hand, some of the long-established weekly sporting papers continue to make big profits, and those



AT GATWICK: JUMPING THE PRELIMINARY HURDLE.



TANTIVY STEEPELCHASE: CLEARING THE OPEN DITCH.



BURSTOW STEEPELCHASE: CARRINGTON FIRST, CORNBURY SECOND.

will not ride for a stranger unless the animal owned by the latter has a big chance, in which case no better jockey could be found to take the mount.

A problem in connection with the Turf that would take some solving is the fact that, while many of the trainers make lots of money and live on the fat of the land, their employers get ruined. Is it that the

with racing coupons attached bring in huge sums to their owners. The spirit of adventure is still rampant in these isles, and the prospect of winning the many big prizes now offered for spotting the successful horses induces thousands to send in their guesses each week. Indeed, I am told that vanloads of letters are received at some of the sporting-paper offices, and the G.P.O. must make a lot of money out of the stamps and postal-orders used.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

East winds that would pierce the hide of a fully grown rhinoceros have filled the stay-at-homes' cup to overflowing during this last few weeks, and everybody who is not task-bound by the Thames banks, or, indeed, elsewhere, is betaking him or herself with all possible speed to the sunshiny, perfume-laden air of the Riviera. The most constant worshippers at the shrine of the dear green tables have never seen a Monte Carlo

South." "Why, indeed?" the answer comes; but only also that the inevitable incident of ready-money bars the way. Its absence does act as a distinct deterrent, however, for the wherewithal of our modern existence is nowhere more in demand than in the Eden of the Riviera, and, though we all entertain lurking hopes of a coup at the tables, that desirable event rarely drops from the lap of the gods into ours.

I know, indeed, one greatly favoured of fortune who has enriched herself at the Casino's expense to the tune of £300 this season. Like a sensible young woman, too, instead of trying to make good better,



MISS FANNY WARD'S TEA-GOWN IN "THE CUCKOO."



[Copyright.]

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY ALEXANDER IN "THE CUCKOO."

season so full as this, and every Thursday, when the excuse of a classical concert foregathers all and sundry, from San Remo to Cannes, on the terrace, the scène, for gaiety, colour, movement, and crowds, might challenge any other spot of earth to rival it. Long before our summer fashions are proclaimed here, they, therefore, preen and plume their forthcoming folds on the white shores of the blue Mediterranean, and it is, indeed, a lesson in all the vanities to sit in the Casino gardens of a morning before "the rooms" are opened, or to lunch at Ciro's or the Grand when the world comes forth to feed again in the early forenoon. Add to all this a background of tropical greenery, a forget-me-not sky overhead, the sea shading peacock and purple at one's feet, music, sunshine, flirtation, and the all-pervading sense and smell of flowers, and one naturally asks why people would remain in these bleak Northern islands when a *train-de-luxe* is waiting to convey them to the "enchanted

she has very wisely presented herself with a smart sable cape and two new frocks from the proceeds, one being a quite elaborate fête-dress, in which she will figure at Season garden-parties and Saturdays at Hurlingham later on at home, the other being a recklessly extravagant but very beautiful ball-room arrangement of white mousseline and satin in the last attitude of irrepressible fashion. The skirt is composed of four flounces of white mousseline in front; two forming the train at back, where they are met by the white satin tunic, which is richly embroidered at the edges with silver, and covered with spots of the same about the size of a sixpence. I must confess that, even with my frank antipathy to the tunic under any aspect, this gown is a revelation of art. So it ought to be, for its price was a revelation of rankest extravagance; but, as my friend comfortably added, "The tables paid for it, you see"; so there remains no more to be said.

Meanwhile, I am rejoicing in a rumour which comes from some of the first Paris dressmakers, namely, that the tunic is condemned by mode-makers of high degree to give way to plain, flowing skirts once more. But the revolution will, doubtless, work slowly, for over there, as here, our dressmakers are gaily putting all their clients into betrimmed frocks as fast as ever they can make them. A delicious ball-gown of white mousseline over pink China crêpe, with a tunic of black Chantilly, has just been done by Paquin for a rich American. Nothing could be lovelier than its effect of shape and colour, with a brace of pink roses on one shoulder, and a black velvet strap held in the middle by a diamond buckle on the other. Rather large bows of mousseline, somewhat Alsatian in shape, but worn upright and erect, are in the newest order of things for the hair—very often a diamond aigrette and osprey show in the midst between both loops. Small fans continue in the bill, the newest being of daintily gathered chiffon powdered with paste of sequins—very pretty, but perishable; and others, again, are covered with small flowers—violets, lilies, or rosebuds—matching the colour of the dress.

A ball which was very well supported, and at which many pretty gowns showed forth, was given at the Empress Rooms on Wednesday in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Association—a charity which does excellent work and of which more should be known, since it was formed to help a class that, however much in need, shrinks from calling aloud its woes and wants on the housetops. Many gently nurtured women have been kept from actual starvation by the good offices of the organisation, which now stands urgently in need of funds. Miss Finn, 75, Brook Green, Hammersmith, is the honorary secretary, and can give fullest information to those desiring to know more of this admirable institution, whose council and executive committee number some of the most influential and philanthropic persons in London. One case recently dealt with is that of a gentleman of seventy-seven, formerly one of her Majesty's Commissioners in the East, who is now destitute, and to whom the society gives five shillings a-week; another, that of two old ladies who have only £9 a-year between them, and who now get a small weekly grant. Such cases are far more terrible than those of the working-classes, who have not known the "better days" that are but an added sorrow in remembrance to the gently born. Many rich and kind-hearted men and women would be glad to help a little did they but understand the sorrowful necessity, so that, instead of dilating on frocks at the ball, as I began by doing, I have been led into these other issues of the question in thinking of the heart-breaking cases which have come under my notice, and which, I am tempted to hope, some good souls may through this be led to alleviate.

Returning to matters of the immediate present in clothes, one is constrained to exclaim loudly, but always admiringly too, at the extreme elaboration and fragility combined of evening-cloaks as they are worn at the moment. Spangled and lace-inlet chiffon cover in billowy folds and flutings the long burnous-shaped mantles in which we go forth to rout or theatre. Sometimes these garments are in black, but more often, by the ukase of extravagant fashion, in white or light colours. Small wonder that our poor husbands would cry "Hold, enough," when confronted by such ruinous fashions and furbelows. Yet they prevail, and one of the last "Kate Reily" masterpieces is a long pelisse in grey chiffon over satin of the same cloudy colour, the first-named fabric delicately embroidered in silks and sequins, so as to give it the effect of being sprinkled with tiny points of steel. A lining of soft satin the colour of a China rose completes this queen of cloaks, which is treated to a long grey feather-boa with ends that fall to the hem of dress, although the cloak itself, like all others now, has rounded fronts.

I sometimes wonder, if the unimaginative and suburban British dressmaker, whom we all fall into the error of occasionally employing, were to be given a season of solid work in a Parisian work-room, whether it would induce some enlightenment of modish vision and make her scissors and needle wax less unwieldy on all future materials, but somehow am forced to doubt it. Her solid Anglo-Saxon spirit may, indeed, be temporarily strung up to the decorative concert-pitch of her quick Gallie room-mates, but, removed from their innate afflatus on all matters of shape and colour, she would surely sink back into her own stolid gracelessness of seam and gusset. The more am I induced to these acrid reflections inasmuch as that, having, in renewed hope and with countless directions, lately enjoined the method of a charming French frock, all chiffon and airiness, on the mind of a willing but over-confident retainer, that misguided wench sent home so faithful a failure—the outlines preserved, but the grace all gone, and this after six months in a Paris work-room—as to justify me of my beliefs that, of all students in the gentle art of beauty, from painting canvas to lining collars with it, from phrase-making to frock-building, the "splendid solid Saxon" is the most "splendidly" slow. Give him, or, as it is in this case, her, technical training, and the variety is indeed, by reason of sheer perseverance, hard to beat; but, denying that, what there is of inspiration and the divine afflatus is not worth seriously regarding from any artistic standpoint whatever. All of which merely means that, having tried once again a cheap own-material-making dressmaker, and sustained a cruel bereavement of much charming stuff to no purpose, I am never—no, never—going to tempt the fates in that particular manner again. Consols may fall and finances may tremble, but the cheap dressmaker and I shall look into each other's eyes no more!

By the way, a new colour, and a very pretty, is the pale periwinkle, called Copenhagen blue. Why Copenhagen, I know not—but whoever seeks to construe the wherefores of fashion? A dress made of it, trimmed with fine embroidery on bands of white silk edging the

pouched polonaise, was new and very smart. Underneath came a wide pleated flounce of black mousseline-de-soie over white silk veiled in white mousseline, which outer flounce was edged by broad festoons embroidered in black. The whole effect was more than ordinarily good, even for Doucet, and has now gone South to regale the eyes of a critical Monte Carlo audience; with it a hat of blue and mauve hydrangeas. Never were blue, black, and white better blended.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELSPETH (Mayfair).—(1) The lace sleeves are now very often continued into mittens, which come quite to the knuckles, and are held in place by the thumb. Miss Vanbrugh wears the sleeve I mean in her charming first-act gown in "The Ambassador." (2) I should put the small bridesmaids into white silk, with over-dresses of Valenciennes. Hats of gathered white mousseline, with a cluster of white feathers, in which they cannot fail to look attractive.

L. (Green Street).—You will be quite safe in ordering your two tulle toques. They are quite in the mode, and likely to remain so. A bow of old lace, a cluster of really good flowers, *et voilà tout!* Have one in white, with pink roses and yellow lace; the second might be in black, with Neapolitan violets and a black osprey.

EIFFEL (Rue Cambon).—This is indeed an honour, to be consulted by an American in Paris. Pray note the italics! For your gown, meanwhile, let me advise a soft shell-pink satin trimmed with scolloped flounces of chiffon edged with bouillonnées of the same, and a tunic of real lace. If a full-toned yellow, so much the better. It lies down so becomingly with pink.

LADY M. F.—(1) I believe it was Machinka who did both dresses for the ball in question. (2) Milanese lace powdered with paste over your amber satin should be very successful.

SYBIL.

IS OATMEAL STILL EATEN?

There is an old Scottish song, set to the tune of "O the Roast Beef of Old England!" which is of the nature of a counterblast, and which lauds the "Kail Brose o' Auld Scotland." Were a Scotchman to sing this panegyric on kail brose (or brose made with water from soup, "broo from kail-pot"), it would now evoke little enthusiasm, as a generation is growing up that knows not the meaning of the term. Time was, one hundred years ago and less, when some preparation of oatmeal graced the homely board two, and sometimes three, times a-day, in the shape of oatmeal porridge, sowans, brose, or brochan. The oatmeal porridge survives, and all sensible people, including health-lecturers, swear by it; but tea has usurped the place of this wholesome dish in quarters where such food is most required, in the homes of the rural labourer and those engaged in muscular toil. Long ago—

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose.
O the Kail-brose o' auld Scotland!

But now, since the Thistle is joined to the Rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O the Kail-brose o' auld Scotland!

And doubtless gained a relish for much else. What if the taste for oatmeal has spread across the Border, as we believe it has, although the average Englishman loves to eat oatmeal as if it were a pudding? Thomas Carlyle, Lord Macaulay, and Professor Blackie declared their fondness for porridge up till the last, although there is a wicked early "indiscretion" by Professor Blackie on tea, which he enjoyed after arriving, tired, hungry, thirsty, and footsore, at an inn in Innerleithen—

Oh, how I swilled the cups of tea!
Much better, I vow, than wine they be!
Much better when tongues are parched with heat,
With empty stomachs and weary feet!
I swilled the cups, full three times three,
Of darkest Innerleithen tea;
Dark as the sea when tempest-tost,
Dark as the whiskers of my host.

Now, Dr. Johnson might have written that when in his "cups," or after them, but his biographer would not have got the lines, as Mr. Kennedy has got them in his brief Life of Blackie. But to our oatmeal. It hardly appears once a-day at meal-times, when it formerly, as I have said, came in two or three times. The abundance of choice of articles of food has much, but not everything, to do with this; change of fashion has something also. The English prefer a finer-ground meal, the Scotch a rougher, which needs longer boiling. Sowans is the porridge made from the husks when steeped. When oatmeal is stirred in boiling water, it is known as brose; when boiled well in water, we have "porridge" in Scotland, in England a kind of hasty-pudding. Steeped in water for twenty-four hours till it begins to ferment, and then boiled to gruel, we have the Welsh "brwchan." Ten grains of oatmeal, burnt in the body, Dr. Edward Smith tells us, produces heat equal to lifting 7800 lb. one foot high. If H. M. Stanley had his way, he would introduce banana-flour porridge among the people. This has pulled him through from death's door more than once, and he grows eloquent over the dish in his "Darkest Africa." But, alas! one-and-sixpence a pound is too much, as things go, for this luxury.

It is a somewhat alarming fact that America is now monopolising our oatmeal market. Ten or twelve years ago we produced all our own oatmeal; now large quantities are imported from the States. In 1894 the United States exported 9,719,337 lb. of oatmeal, value £49,200; in 1898, 95,500,270 lb., value £407,900. Seven-tenths of this enormous quantity comes over to this country.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

THE POSITION.

How sensitive the markets are may be seen from the little scare which our small disagreement with Russia over the Northern Railway Concession produced. It seems as if the Stock Markets were never to be free from political complications, although no reasonable being can have thought for a moment that Russia would fight on any pretext until her railway across Siberia was finished. Substantially, we think that, for the next two or three years, it may be confidently predicted that there will be no general row over China; but when our friend the bear is ready, we shall have to look out for squalls.

Prices in every department are so high that it is difficult to see how they can be pushed higher, and yet, unless the unforeseen happens, it is pretty sure that, except, perhaps, in Yankee Rails, there is every prospect of generally improving capital values. There will be no boom in Home Rails, but the public continues to make an endless number of small purchases in its small way, the aggregate effect of which is to put even the present prices further up. As far as Yankees are concerned, everything depends on the future course of money in New York, and, for the moment, the indications are rather in favour of increased stringency. There is also a danger of trouble over all the industrial combines, rings, and attempted monopolies which have become so fashionable in the States. Most of their capital is water, and some day there is bound to be trouble. We hear that Millwall Dock issues should be held, as there is every prospect of a sale of the undertaking to the P. and O. Company, or a combination of shipping concerns, whereby the holders of Ordinary stock would get at least 60 per cent. of the face-value of their holdings. The whole story may be only a "yarn," but it is current gossip on the Stock Exchange.

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

The recent upward strides made by prices in the Argentine Railway Market have sustained a severe check, owing, so says Rumour, to a severe storm which has swept over the country and de-

stroyed much of the wheat which was nearly ready for moving. A much better reason to advance for the fall would be the pressure of stock for sale by those persons who always follow a rise to its fullest extent, and immediately attempt to realise when any pronounced weakness sets in. The little bit of a shake-out is a good thing for the market, and holders need not be alarmed because the Stock Exchange is excited about Russo-China and marks down South American Railways in sympathy with Consols and North-Westerns. Brazilian Railways are out of favour, the exchange apparently being unable to keep its head above sevenpence, and Costa Rica shares have evidently made up their minds to stay at 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ for a while.

It was only a week ago that we were comparing the prospects of the Mexican Railway Company's stocks with those of the Grand Trunk. On Thursday last a copy of *The Sketch* was seen busily circulating in the little Mexican Market, and on the following day Mexican First Preference rose 3. The traffic-return again made an excellent showing, and, if only complete harmony can be established between the different lines in the country, there seems no reason why the company should not resume the full 8 per cent. dividend on the First Preference in a few years' time. From a gentleman who has just returned from making a survey of the country, we learn that trade in all directions is brisk, and that it is very probable Mexican Mining propositions will soon be largely to the front.

The shares of the Ottoman Railway look distinctly cheap. Forced down by the uneasiness existing of late in Paris, the price has reached 12, which is only a point and a-half under the lowest touched last year, while at one time in 1898 it was 17. Nitrate Railway shares are steadily winning their way upwards, and should be held for 10. Very little business is doing in the Foreign Railway Department, taking it as a whole.

THE KAFFIR MARKET.

The prices of Kaffir shares are in the same position as that of the little boy who said he wanted to be good, but didn't know how. You can ask any jobber in the market that you like what he thinks of Kaffirs, and in nineteen cases out of twenty the reply will be in favour of a rise, only there is a little hesitating shake of the head when the question is pressed for an opinion as to how far the business now doing is public and how far it is merely professional. The activity which prevailed last month was undoubtedly the means of attracting to the market a certain section of the public which had been holding aloof since the last Kaffir boom in 1895. Moreover, the Continent was a "tender buyer," to quote the market aphorism, and it is a feature of French purchases, in particular, that the shares are nearly always paid for and taken off the market. In London, however, there is now a large "bull" Contango account open for home speculators, and it is this which is acting as a drag upon the department. Supposing that all shares which were carried over last week had been paid for, the result would be—even after the relapse which would follow upon the first upward rush—a very much higher level of prices than now exists.

Why? Because Human Nature is a "bull" operator all the world over, and looking on the dark side of things has never been a vice of the Mining Markets. Sometimes the tone is more optimistic than at others, but now a fresh advance would meet with unbounded satisfaction in the House. The "big houses," however, are resting on their oars after their recent exertions, and the portion of the speculating community that joined in the boom last month is eagerly

awaiting an opportunity to "get out" at a decent profit. This element is one of the great stumbling-blocks to hopes of a sustained rise. The crushing results for February were good in the aggregate, but, individually, somewhat disappointing. The total output for last month showed a decrease of 5844 oz. as compared with January, but, of course, the latter month contained three more days. The results for the last three years from the Rand alone are as follows—

1897: 211,000 oz.
1898: 297,975 oz.
1899: 404,335 oz.

There is little to "go for" one way or the other in the Kaffir Market at present, and the

nineteen-day account tends to depress business; but, for a speculative investor, we would once more point out the second row of Deep-Levels to which we drew attention in recent issues.

GOLD-DREDGING.

In this country something is known about the gold deposits found in the beds of certain British Columbian rivers, and probably a few people, on reflection, would recall the fact that dredging for gold has been heard of in New Zealand, but there has never (so far as we know) been much serious effort to interest the British public in the enterprise. A New Zealand correspondent sends us a letter, from which we give an extract, and enables us to reproduce the accompanying view of Alexandra, the centre of the gold-dredging industry.

Alexandra, New Zealand,

Jan. 16, 1899.

... Knowing you are fond of photos, &c., from all parts of the world, I send you one of Alexandra, Central Otago, New Zealand. Alexandra is the hub of the gold-dredging industry; the river to the left in the picture is the Molyneux. Had Molly known (which Molly I know not) the enormous wealth this river contains and obtained it, she would have been more wealthy than the Rothschilds all put together. It has been estimated that the gold in the river is over £500,000,000; but Molly knew not, and so the river now is taken up in dredging-claims, mostly all of which are doing very well and paying handsome dividends. I may, if you care for it, send you a photo or two of our dredges, purely in the way of bribery and corruption. . . .

"ESPERANZA."

We hear private and confidential rumours about a Mexican mine rejoicing in the name of the Esperanza, whose sponsors are gradually getting it into shape for public subscription. Nothing has been actually fixed—it is even undecided whether the nominal value of the shares shall



ALEXANDRA, CENTRAL OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

be £1 or £4. It will probably be the latter, as Mr. Kaufmann's name is mentioned in connection with the venture, and he will most likely endeavour to introduce them on the Paris Bourse, where his Golden Horseshoes are already so well known. We understand that Mr. J. H. Hammond, of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, will act as one of the company's advisers, and the property will be taken over as a going concern. In its present undeveloped form it is paying handsome dividends; but more of this subject hereafter.

THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The Ishmael of the limited liability world is the National Telephone Company. Fighting for dear life from the day of its inception on March 10, 1881, just eighteen years ago, it has turned nearly every man's hand against itself (with the exception of its shareholders and the Bristol Stock Exchange), until it has scarcely one disinterested friend left to fight its battles. The latest move of Mr. Hanbury, however, whereby Post Office competition is advocated, has appealed to the public in two widely different ways. Thankful as we all should be to see the present wretched service amended under the heavy pressure of competition's hand, there are still people whose British sense of justice revolts against cancelling a monopoly, to the loss of those who had become shareholders upon the strength of the monopoly being maintained. However disgracefully mismanaged the telephone service may be, it is urged that the Government had to take its chance of that when granting the 1884 licence, by whose terms a royalty of 10 per cent. is handed to the Post Office on the gross takings of the company's exchange business. This licence expires upon New Year's Eve, 1911, but up to the end of 1904 the Postmaster-General has the option of buying up the company, the purchase-price and property acquired to be matters of arbitration. The trunk lines were handed over to the Government a couple of years ago, and the company has no longer any right to do this branch of the business.

The present capital of the company is four millions sterling, and, in addition, there is about one million and three-quarters in 3½ per cent. Debenture stock. A Bill was lodged early in the year, whereby the capital was to be increased to six million pounds in shares, and our readers will, no doubt, remember the severe strictures which *The Sketch*, among other papers, passed upon some of its clauses at that time. Since then Parliament has shown that it does not intend the company's Bill to be rushed through without having the matter thoroughly threshed out, but the discussion that has been evoked so far is unproductive of any other issue than the fairness or not of competition. Naturally, the shareholders are up in arms, and the price of the Ordinary is nervously weak. During the last half-dozen years, the price has only once been flatter than it now is, and that once was way back in 1893. In 1896 the company touched its high-water mark as regards its quotation, the Ordinary soaring up to 8½. Dividends of 6 per cent. fell to the shareholders in 1897 and 1898; in the two previous years they received 5½ per cent., and the £5 Ordinary shares have always been looked upon as a fair speculation whenever they went to the neighbourhood of par.

When will it all end? To drag on its fighting machinery for another eighteen years would seem to be an impossibility for any company; but one has to remember that the dozen directors are led by no less doughty a champion than Mr. J. S. Forbes as their chairman. Matters, however, are rapidly drawing to a crisis, and the next move is said to be an offer on the Government's part to buy out the company. We have every reason for believing that such an offer would be heartily welcome to the directors.

THE INDIAN GOLD-MINES.

Now that the plague panic on the Colar Goldfields is beginning to subside, we may take stock of the results for the last month with advantage. The effects of the scare are less than might have been expected, for against five decreases in production we have to set two small increases. In nearly all cases the tonnage treated has been smaller, and the prevailing cause, of course, scarcity of labour. The yield of the whole Colar field for the last five years may be briefly summarised as follows—

	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
	209,888 oz.	250,640 oz.	321,523 oz.	389,790 oz.	415,147 oz.

While the output of the various mines for the last six months will be seen at a glance from the following figures—

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Oregum	4,502	4,561	4,580	4,634	4,638	4,692
Mysore	13,006	13,011	13,013	13,025	13,029	12,171
Champion Reef ...	12,020	12,265	12,270	12,343	12,798	12,310
Nundydroog ...	3,398	3,434	3,440	3,536	3,537	3,537
Mysore W. and W.	455	460	401	402	250	250
Coromandel ...	566	490	364	330	253	220
Gold Fields ...	198	141	—	—	—	—
Mysore Reefs ...	166	140	126	126	78	—
Nine Reefs ...	204	262	274	296	306	316
Balaghat	—	—	—	414	471	402
	34,515	34,764	34,468	35,106	35,360	33,898

THE EXPLORATION COMPANY'S REPORT.

The Report of the Exploration Company shows great activity on the part of the directors, and the realised net profits to Dec. 31 last amount to £184,614. In many respects the report is good reading to those who have followed the Exploration Company's babies with their money, while the fact that the Grand Central Mine, in which a good many of our readers took shares, is developing well (after at one time looking very

much like a bad egg) is especially satisfactory to us. The varied nature of the company's enterprises may be judged when we say that the report deals with South African mines, Anaconda copper, New Zealand gold, electric traction, and the Central London Railway.

WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION.

We understand that an important corporation is in course of formation for the express purpose of undertaking the insurance of employers against claims under the Workman's Compensation Act. The title of the new venture will be the Compensation and Guarantee Fund, Limited, and Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., will be chairman. The capital proposed is £500,000, divided into 100,000 shares of £5 each, of which not more than £2 per share is to be called up. The directorate will include Colonel Martindale, Sir Christopher Furness, Sir H. H. Bemrose, M.P., and many other influential employers of labour, and Mr. J. H. Scott is to be managing director. It is expected that there will be a great rush for shares, a large number of which have already been taken firm, which is the only form of underwriting that is being indulged in. Our readers should look out for the issue, and if the prospectus, of which we have not yet seen a copy, bears out the glowing reports already in circulation, they might do worse than apply for a few shares.

ISSUE.

Houlder Line, Limited, with a share-capital of £500,000 and a 4½ Debenture issue of £200,000, is offering for public subscription 40,000 5½ Preference shares of £5 each and the whole of the Debentures, and is formed to take over the steamships of Houlder Brothers, numbering ten in all and valued by Messrs. Kellock and Co. at £706,500. The ships will be managed by Messrs. Houlder Brothers, of Liverpool, and the present owners take all the Ordinary shares. Messrs. Game, Jackson, Jefferys, and Wells have examined the accounts, and certify that, for the year ending March 31, 1897, when seven ships were working, the profits were £39,491, and for the year ending March 31, 1898, when eight ships were working, they amounted to £55,067. It is calculated that the profits for a full year on the whole ten ships should come to £82,000, so that, as only £9000 is required for the Debenture interest and £11,000 for the Preference dividend, these should be amply secured, while both are represented by solid assets. The issue has been eagerly underwritten at very low figures, and should be well subscribed.

Saturday, March 11, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Exo.—We wonder whether you mean "annuity" or "interest." If the former, you might apply to the Equitable Insurance Company or to the Prudential, stating your age, and asking them to quote the annual sum they would pay during your life. If you mean you want to invest the money to yield a reasonable rate of interest, distribute it between the following securities: (1) Gas Light and Coke Company A stock; (2) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (3) North-Eastern Consols; (4) Lipton's Ordinary shares; (5) Chinese Chartered Bank Loan; (6) Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Ordinary shares; (7) Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock. The income should average from £225 to £250 a-year.

OLD READER.—We do not know what papers you have signed, but, if you have paid one call in each reconstruction, it is almost certain that you cannot avoid paying the balance that may now or in future become due upon the shares.

AMO.—There is no difficulty in your getting 3½ per cent. or even 4 per cent. with reasonable safety on your money. Distribute it over the following securities, which are realisable at a moment's notice: (1) Egyptian Unified stock or Egyptian Tribute 1891, (2) Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Debenture Stock, or Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. Preference stock, (3) Gordon Hotels Preference shares, or Trustees and Executors 4 per cent. Debenture stock, (4) Indian Midland Railway stock, or Central Argentine 4 per cent. Debenture stock.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—See answer No. 5 to "M. D." last week. You are, we believe, sure of a good dividend at the end of the year, and on the report the price should improve, but we are sufferers, like you, from the depreciation in price.

W. H. P.—We think you might hold the East London on the chance of something turning up. Great Central may prove a good lock-up, but it is quite impossible for us to gauge the chances until the line has been open for a few months.

S. J. C.—(1) You ought to have sold before allotment; as it is, you have fallen into the trap. Sell if you can. (2) We should hold. (3) Ditto. (4) The mine is good enough, but there is no water, and so far every effort to get it has failed.

SIGMA.—We see no objection to Nos. 1, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, and probably 15, although you have as allottee a good profit on the last, and might take some of it. As to 2, 3, and 12, we know nothing; 6 we would not touch with a bargepole; 10 and 13 are fair mining risks, and 16 is a speculative share, but not a bad one.

ARGENTINE.—In our opinion, all your debentures are first-rate.

ASCOT DEEP.—There is no market, so you must hold.

JAN BRUCE.—(A) Your list is not bad, but we know nothing about No. 4. (B) Yes. The company is doing splendid business. (C) We hear large buying orders have come from America, and that the company is doing an immense business. If the shares were our own, we should hold for a bit.

SOMERSET.—(1) A fair speculative share. (2) Good to buy (see answer No. 5 to "M. D." last week).

CLARAS.—If you have a profit, take some of it; otherwise, hold.

V. A. D.—The Rhodesian thing comes from a good stable, and, as a speculation, is therefore likely to be worth holding. We do not like the people connected with the British Columbian company; but, if there is the confidently predicted boom, the shares would probably rise.

HICKS.—(1) Probably a waste of money to join the reconstruction. (2) We have no information of value.

G.—The Bank would not be good enough for our own cash. It is a bill-of-sale sort of money-lending shop.

ALBION.—We have no special information, but should think the shares were good enough.

J. P.—It is a good mine, but whether the shares will go higher is an open question.